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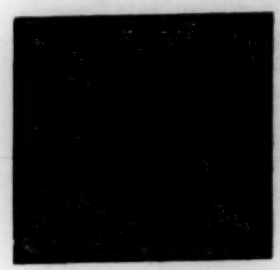

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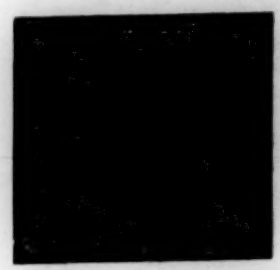

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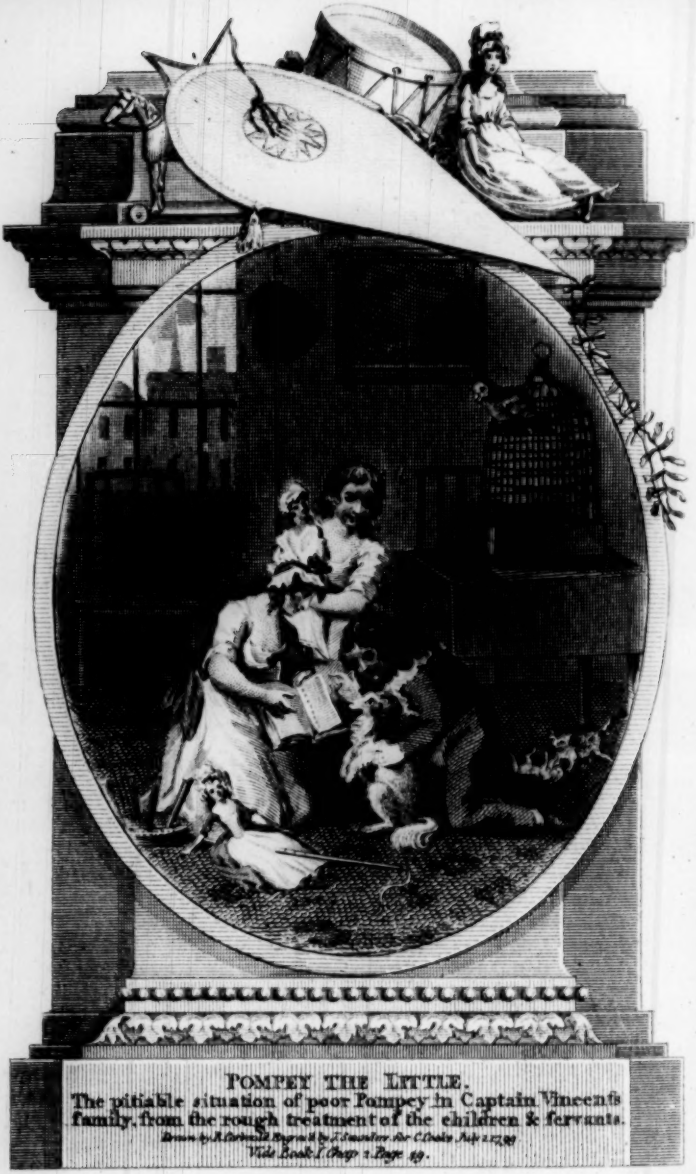

POMPEY THE LITTLE.

The pitiable situation of poor Pompey in Captain Vincent's family, from the rough treatment of the children & servants.

Drawn by R. Corbould Engrav'd by J. Saunders for C. Cooke July 2. 1799

Vide Book I. Chap. 2. Page 49.

THE HISTORY OF POMPEY THE LITTLE;

OR, THE

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF A

LAP-DOG.

By Mr. COVENTRY.

------GRESSUMQUE CANES COMITENTUR HERILEM. Virg. Aen.

---------MUTATO NOMINE DE TE
FABULA NARRATUR. Hor.

Cooke's Edition.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:
Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row
And sold by all the Booksellers in
Great-Britain and
Ireland.

TO

HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

SIR,

MY deſign being to ſpeak a word or two in behalf of novel-writing, I know not to whom I can addreſs myſelf with ſo much propriety as to yourſelf, who unqueſtionably ſtand foremoſt in this ſpecies of compoſition.

To convey inſtruction in a pleaſant manner, and mix entertainment with it, is certainly a commendable undertaking, perhaps more likely to be attended with ſucceſs than graver precepts; and even where amuſement is the chief thing conſulted, there is ſome little merit in making people laugh, when it is done without giving offence to religion, or virtue, or good manners. If the laugh be not raiſed at the expence of innocence or decency, good-humour bids us indulge it, and we cannot well laugh too often.

Can one help wondering, therefore, at the contempt with which many people affect to talk of this ſort of compoſition? They ſeem to think it degrades the dignity of their underſtandings, to be found with a novel in their hands, and take great pains to let you know that they never read them. They are people of too great importance, it ſeems, to miſ-ſpend their time in ſo idle a manner, and much too wiſe to be amuſed.

Now, though many reaſons may be given for this ridiculous and affected diſdain, I believe a very principal one, is the pride and pedantry of learned men, who are willing to monopolize reading to themſelves, and therefore faſtidiouſly decry all books that are on a level with common underſtandings, as empty, trifling, and impertinent.

Thus the grave metaphyſician, for example, who after working night and day perhaps for ſeveral years, ſends forth at laſt a profound treatiſe, where *A.* and *B.* ſeem to contain ſome very deep myſterious meaning; grows indignant to think that every little paltry ſcribbler, who paints only the characters of the age, the manners of the times, and the working of the paſſions, ſhould preſume to equal him in glory.

The politician, too, who ſhakes his head in coffee-houſes, and produces now and then, from his ſtund of obſervations, a grave, ſober, political pamphlet on the good of the nation; looks down with contempt on all ſuch idle compoſitions, as lives and romances,

which contain no ſtrokes of ſatire at the miniſtry, no unmannerly reflections upon Hanover, nor any thing concerning the balance of power on the continent. Theſe gentlemen and their readers join all to a man in depreciating works of humour: or, if they ever vouchſafe to ſpeak in their praiſe, the commendation never riſes higher than---'Yes, 'tis well enough for ſuch a ſort of a 'thing;' after which the grave obſervator retires to his newſpaper, and there, according to the general eſtimation, employs his time 'to the beſt advantage.'

But beſides theſe, there is another ſet, who never read any modern books at all. They, wiſe men, are ſo deep in the learned languages, that they can pay no regard to what has been publiſhed within theſe laſt thouſand years. The world is grown old; men's geniuſes are degenerated; the writers of this age are too contemptible for their notice, and they have no hopes of any better to ſucceed them. Yet theſe gentlemen of profound erudition will contentedly read any traſh that is diſguiſed in a learned language, and the worſt ribaldry of Ariſtophanes ſhall be critiqued and commented on by men who turn up their noſes at Gulliver or Joſeph Andrews.

But if this contempt for books of amuſement be carried a little too far, as I ſuſpect it is, even among men of ſcience and learning, what ſhall be ſaid to ſome of the greateſt triflers of the times, who affect to talk the ſame language? Theſe, ſurely, have no right to expreſs any diſdain of what is at leaſt equal to their underſtandings. Scholars and men of learning have a reaſon to give; their application to ſevere ſtudies may have deſtroyed their reliſh for works of a lighter caſt, and conſequently it cannot be expected that they ſhould approve what they do not underſtand. But as for beaux, rakes, petit-maitres, and fine ladies, whoſe lives are ſpent in doing the things which novels record, I do not ſee why they ſhould be indulged in affecting a contempt of them. People whoſe moſt earneſt buſineſs is to dreſs and play at cards are not ſo importantly employed but that they may find leiſure now and then to read a novel. Yet theſe are as forward as any to deſpiſe them; and I once heard a very fine lady condemning ſome highly finiſhed converſations in one of your works, Sir, for this curious reaſon:---'Becauſe,' ſaid ſhe, 'it is ſuch ſort of 'ſtuff as paſſes every day between me and my own maid.'

I do not pretend to apply any thing here ſaid in behalf of books of amuſement to the following little work, of which I aſk your patronage. I am ſenſible how very imperfect it is in all its parts, and how unworthy to be ranked in that claſs of writings which I am now defending. But I deſire to be underſtood in general, or more

more particularly with an eye to your works, which I take to be maſter-pieces and complete models in their kind. They are, I think, worthy the attention of the greateſt and wiſeſt men; and if any body is aſhamed of reading them, or can read them without entertainment or inſtruction, I heartily pity their underſtandings.

The late editor of Mr. Pope's works, in a very ingenious note, wherein he traces the progreſs of romance-writing, juſtly obſerves, that this ſpecies of compoſition is now brought to maturity by Mr. De Marivaux in France, and Mr. Fielding in England.

I have but one objection to make to this remark, which is, that the name of Mr. De Marivaux ſtands foremoſt of the two: a ſuperiority I can by no means allow him. Mr. Marivaux is indeed a very amiable, elegant, witty, and penetrating writer. The reflections he ſcatters up and down his Marianne are highly judicious, recherchees, and infinitely agreeable. But, not to mention that he never finiſhes his works, which greatly diſappoints his readers, I think his characters fall infinitely ſhort of thoſe we find in the performances of his Engliſh cotemporary. They are neither ſo original, ſo ludicrous, ſo well diſtinguiſhed, nor ſo happily contraſted, as your own; and, as the characters of a novel principally determine its merit, I muſt be allowed to eſteem my countryman the greater author.

There is another celebrated novel-writer, of the ſame kingdom, now living, who, in the choice and diverſity of his characters, perhaps exceeds his rival Mr. Marivaux, and would deſerve greater commendation, if the extreme libertiniſm of his plans and too wanton drawings of nature, did not take off from th other merit of his works; though, at the ſame time, it muſt b confeſſed, that his genius, and knowledge of mankind are very extenſive.

But with all due reſpect for the parts of theſe two able Frenchmen, I will venture to ſay they have their ſuperior; and whoever has read the works of Mr. Fielding cannot be at a loſs to determine who that ſuperior is. Few books of this kind have ever been written with a ſpirit equal to Joſeph Andrews; and no ſtory that I know of, was ever invented with more happineſs, or conducted with more art and management, than that of Tom Jones.

As to the following little piece, Sir, it pretends to a very ſmall degree of merit. It is the firſt eſſay of a young author, and perhaps may be the laſt. A very haſty and unfiniſhed edition of it

was publiſhed laſt winter; which meeting with a more favourable reception than its writer had any reaſon to expect, he has ſince been tempted to reviſe and improve it, in hopes of rendering it a little more worthy of his readers regard. With theſe alterations he now begs leave, Sir, to deſire your acceptance of it; he can hardly hope for your approbation: but, whatever be its fate, he is proud in this public manner to declare himſelf

Your conſtant Reader,

And ſincere Admirer.

THE HISTORY OF POMPEY THE LITTLE.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAP. I.

A panegyric upon dogs, together with ſome obſervations on modern novels and romances.

VARIOUS and wonderful, in all ages, have been the actions of dogs; and were I to collect, from poets and hiſtorians, the many paſſages that make honourable mention of them, I ſhould compoſe a work much too large and voluminous for the patience of any modern reader. But as the politicians of the age, and men of gravity, may be apt to cenſure me for miſpending my time in writing the adventures of a lap-dog, when there are ſo many *modern heroes*, whoſe illuſtrious actions call loudly for the pen of an hiſtorian; it will not be amiſs to detain the reader, in the entrance of this work, with a ſhort panegyric on the *canine race*, to juſtify my undertaking.

And can we, without the baſeſt ingratitude, think ill of an animal that has ever honoured mankind with his company and friendſhip, from the beginning of the world to the preſent moment? While all other creatures are in a ſtate of enmity with us; ſome flying into woods and wilderneſſes to eſcape our tyranny, and others requiring to be reſtrained with bridles and fences in cloſe confinement; dogs alone enter into voluntary friendſhip with us, and of their own accord make their reſidence among us.

Nor do they trouble us only with officious fidelity, and uſeleſs good-will, but take care to earn their livelihood by many meritorious ſervices: they guard our houſes,

ſupply

ſupply our tables with proviſion, amuſe our leiſure hours, and diſcover plots to the government. Nay, I have heard of a dog's making a ſyllogiſm; which cannot fail to endear him to our two famous univerſities, where his brother-logicians are ſo honoured and diſtinguiſhed for their ſkill in that *uſeful* ſcience.

After theſe extraordinary inſtances of ſagacity and merit, it may be thought too ludicrous, perhaps, to mention the capacity they have often diſcovered for playing at cards, fiddling, dancing, and other polite accompliſhments; yet I cannot help relating a little ſtory, which formerly happened at the play-houſe in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

There was, at that time, the ſame emulation between the two houſes, as there is at preſent between the two great republics of Drury Lane and Covent Garden; each of them ſtriving to amuſe the town with various feats of activity, when they began to be tired of ſenſe, wit, and action. At length, the managers of the houſe of Lincoln's Inn Fields, poſſeſſed with a happy turn of thought, introduced a dance of dogs, who were dreſſed in French characters, to make the repreſentation more ridiculous, and acquitted themſelves for ſeveral evenings, to the univerſal delight and improvement of the town. But one unfortunate night, a malicious wag behind the ſcenes threw down among them the leg of a fowl, which he had brought thither in his pocket for that purpoſe. Inſtantly all was in confuſion; the marquis ſhook off his peruke, mademoiſelle dropped her hoop-petticoat, the fiddler threw away his violin, and all fell to ſcrambling for the prize that was thrown among them. But let us return to graver matter.

If we look back into ancient hiſtory, we ſhall find the wiſeſt and moſt celebrated nations of antiquity, as it were contending with one another, which ſhould pay the greateſt honour to dogs. The old aſtronomers denominated ſtars after their name; and the Egyptians in particular, a ſapient and venerable people, worſhipped a dog among the principal of their divinites. The poets

repreſent

repreſent Diana as ſpending great part of her life among a pack of hounds, which I mention for the honour of the country gentlemen of Great Britain; and we know that the illuſtrious Theſeus dedicated much of his time to the ſame companions.

Julius Pollux informs us, that the art of dying purple and ſcarlet cloth was firſt found out by Hercules's dog; who, roving along the ſea-coaſt, and accidentally eating of the fiſh Murex, or Purpura, his lips became tinged with that colour; from whence the hint was firſt taken of the purple manufacture, and to this lucky event our fine gentlemen of the army are indebted for the ſcarlet with which they ſubdue the hearts of ſo many fair ladies.

But nothing can give us a more exalted idea of theſe illuſtrious animals, than to conſider, that formerly, in old Greece, they founded a ſect of philoſophy; the members whereof took the name of Cynics, and were glorioufly ambitious of aſſimilating themſelves to the manners and behaviour of that animal, from whom they derived their title.

And that the ladies of Greece had as great fondneſs for them as the fair ones of our own iſle, may be collected from the ſtory which Lucian relates of a certain philoſopher, who, in the exceſs of his complaiſance to a woman of faſhion, took up her *favourite lap-dog* one day, attempting to careſs and kiſs it; but the little creature, not being uſed to the rude gripe of philoſophic hands, found his loins affected in ſuch a manner, that he was obliged to water the ſage's beard, as he held him to his mouth; which ſo diſcompoſed that principal, if not only, ſeat of his wiſdom, as excited laughter in all the beholders.

Such was the reverence paid to them among the nations of antiquity; and if we deſcend to later times, neither there ſhall we want examples of great men's devoting themſelves to dogs. King Charles the Second, of pious and immortal memory, came always to his council-board accompanied with a favourite ſpaniel; who propagated his breed, and *ſcattered his image through the land*, almoſt

as

as extenſively as his royal maſter. His ſucceſſor, King James, of pious and immortal memory likewiſe, was diſtinguiſhed for the ſame attachment to theſe four-footed worthies; and it is reported of him, that being once in a dangerous ſtorm at ſea, and obliged to quit the ſhip for his life, he roared aloud with a moſt vehement voice, as his principal concern, to 'ſave the dogs and Colonel 'Churchill.' But why need we multiply examples?—The greateſt heroes and beauties have not been aſhamed to erect monuments to them in their gardens, nor the greateſt wits and poets to write their epitaphs. Biſhops have entruſted them with their ſecrets, and prime-miniſters deigned to receive information from them when conſpiracies were hatching againſt the government. Iſlands likewiſe, as well as ſtars, have been called after their names: ſo that I hope no one will dare to think me idly employed in compoſing the following work; or if any ſuch critic ſhould be found, let him own himſelf ignorant of ancient and modern hiſtory, let him confeſs himſelf an enemy to his country, and ungrateful to the benefactors of Great Britain.

And as no exception can reaſonably be taken againſt the dignity of my hero, much leſs can I expect any will ariſe againſt the nature of this work, in this life-writing age eſpecially, when no character is thought too inconſiderable to engage the public notice, or too abandoned to be ſet up as a pattern of imitation. The loweſt and moſt contemptible vagrants, pariſh-girls, chambermaids, pickpockets, and highwaymen, find hiſtorians to record their praiſes, and readers to wonder at their exploits.—Star-gazers, ſuperannuated ſtrumpets, quarrelling lovers, all think themſelves authoriſed to appeal to the public, and to write apologies for their lives. Even the priſons and ſtews are ranſacked to find materials for novels and romances. Thus we have ſeen the memoirs of a lady of pleaſure, and the memoirs of a lady of quality, both written with the ſame public-ſpirited aim of initiating the unexperienced part of the female ſex into the hidden myſteries of love; only that the former work has rather

a greater

a greater air of chaſtity, if poſſible, than the latter.—And I am told, that illuſtrious mimic Mr. F—t, when all other expedients fail him, deſigns, as the laſt effort of his wit, to oblige the world with an accurate hiſtory of his own life; with which view one may ſuppoſe he takes care to chequer it with ſo many extraordinary occurrences, and ſelects ſuch adventures, as will beſt ſerve hereafter to amaze and aſtoniſh his readers.

This, then, being the caſe, I hope the very ſuperiority of the character here treated of above the heroes of common romances, will procure it a favourable reception; although, perhaps, I may fall ſhort of my great contemporaries in the elegance of ſtyle, and graces of language. For when ſuch multitudes of lives are daily offered to the public, written *by* the *ſaddeſt dogs*, or *of* the *ſaddeſt dogs*, of the times, it may be conſidered as ſome little merit to have choſen a ſubject worthy the dignity of hiſtory; in which ſingle view I may be allowed to paragon myſelf with the incomparable writer of the life of Cicero, in that I have deſerted the beaten track of biographers, and ventured to ſnatch a laurel,

'Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora muſæ.'

Having detained the reader with this little neceſſary introduction, I now proceed to open the birth and parentage of my hero.

CHAP. II.

The birth, parentage, education, and travels, of a lap-dog.

POMPEY, the ſon of Julio and Phyllis, was born A. D. 1735, at Bologna in Italy, a place famous for lap-dogs and ſauſages. Both his parents were of the moſt illuſtrious families, deſcended from a long train of anceſtors, who had figured in many parts of Europe, and lived in intimacy with the greateſt men of the times.—They had frequented the chambers of the proudeſt beauties, and had acceſs to the cloſets of the greateſt princes. Cardinals, kings, popes, emperors, were all happy in their acquaintance: and I am told the elder branch of the family now lives with his preſent holineſs, in the papal palace at Rome.

But

But Julio, the father of my hero, being a younger brother of a numerous family, fell to the ſhare of an Italian nobleman at Bologna, who was about this time engaged in an intrigue with a celebrated courtezan of the place. And little Julio often attending him when he made his viſits to her, as it is the nature of all ſervants to imitate the vices of their maſters, he alſo commenced an affair of gallantry with a favourite little bitch named Phyllis, at that time the darling of this *fille de joye*. For a long while ſhe rejected his courtſhip with diſdain, and received him with that coyneſs which beauties of her ſex know very well how to counterfeit; but at length, in a little cloſet devoted to Venus, the happy lover accompliſhed his deſires, and Phyllis ſoon gave ſigns of pregnancy.

I have not been able to learn whether my hero was introduced into the world with any prodigies preceding his birth; and though the practice of moſt hiſtorians might authorize me to invent them, I think it moſt ingenuous to confeſs, as well as moſt probable to conclude, that nature did not put herſelf to any miraculous expence on this occaſion. Miracles are unqueſtionably ceaſed in this century, whatever they might be in ſome former ones: there needs no Dr. Middleton to convince us of this; and I ſcarce think Dr. Chapman himſelf would have the hardineſs to ſupport me, if I ſhould venture to relate one in the preſent age.

Be it ſufficient then to ſay, that on the twenty-fifth of May, N. S. 1735, Pompey made his firſt appearance in the world at Bologna; on which day, as far as I can learn, the ſun ſhone juſt as uſual, and nature wore exactly the ſame aſpect as upon any other day in the year.

About this time an Engliſh gentleman, who was making the tour of Europe, to enrich himſelf in foreign manners and foreign cloaths, happened to be reſiding at Bologna. And as one great end of modern travelling is the pleaſure of intriguing with women of all nations and languages, he was introduced to viſit the lady above-mentioned, who was at that time the moſt faſhionable and foremoſt courtezan of the place. Little Pompey having

now

now opened his eyes, and learned the uſe of his legs, was admitted to frolic about the room as his miſtreſs ſat at her toilette, or preſided at her tea-table. On theſe occaſions her gallants never failed to play with him; and many pretty dialogues often aroſe concerning him, which might, perhaps, make a figure in a modern comedy.—Every one had ſomething to ſay to the little favourite, who ſeemed proud to be taken notice of; and, by many ſignificant geſtures, would often make believe he underſtood the compliments that were paid him.

But nobody diſtinguiſhed himſelf more on this ſubject than our Engliſh Hillario, who had now made a conſiderable progreſs in the affections of his miſtreſs: for partly the recommendation of his perſon, but chiefly the profuſion of his expences, made her think him a very deſirable lover; and as ſhe ſaw that his ruling paſſion was vanity, ſhe was too good a diſſembler, and too much a miſtreſs of her trade, not to flatter this weakneſs for her own ends. This ſo elated the ſpirits of Hillario, that he ſurveyed himſelf every day with increaſe of pleaſure at his glaſs, and took a pride on all occaſions, to ſhew how much he was diſtinguiſhed as he thought, above any of her ancient admirers. Reſolving, therefore, to out-do them all as much in magnificence, as he imagined he did in the ſucceſs of his love, he was continually making her the moſt coſtly preſents; and, among other things, preſented maſter Pompey with a collar ſtudded with diamonds.—This ſo tickled the little animal's vanity, being the firſt ornament he had ever worn, that he would eat biſcuit from Hillario's hands with twice the pleaſure with which he received it from any other perſon's; while Hillario made him the occaſion of conveying indirect compliments to his miſtreſs. Sometimes he would ſwear, he believed it was in her power to impart beauty to her very dogs; and when ſhe ſmiled at the ſtaleneſs of the conceit, he, imagining her charmed with his wit, would grow tranſported with gaiety, and practiſe all the faſhionable airs that cuſtom preſcribes to an intrigue.

But the time came at length that this gay gentleman

was to quit this ſcene of his pleaſures, and go in queſt of adventures in ſome other part of Italy. Nothing delayed him but the fear of breaking his miſtreſs's heart, which his own great love of himſelf, joined with the ſeeming love ſhe expreſſed for him, made him think a very likely conſequence: the point, therefore, was to reveal his intentions to her in the moſt tender manner, and reconcile her to this terrible event as well as he could. They had been dining together one day in her apartments; and Hillario, after dinner, firſt inſpiring himſelf with a glaſs of tokay, began to curſe his ſtars for obliging him to leave Bologna, where he had been ſo divinely happy; but he ſaid, he had received news of his father's death, and was obliged to go to ſettle *curſed accounts* with his mother and ſiſters, who were in a hurry for their *confounded fortunes*; and, after many other flouriſhes, concluded his rhapſody with requeſting to take little Pompey with him as a memorial of their love. The lady received this news with all the artificial aſtoniſhment and counterfeited ſorrow that ladies of her profeſſion can aſſume whenever they pleaſe: in ſhort, ſhe played the farce of paſſions ſo well, that Hillario thought her very life depended on his preſence. She wept, entreated, threatened, ſwore, but all to no purpoſe: at length, ſhe was obliged to ſubmit, on condition that Hillario ſhould give her a gold watch in exchange for her favourite little dog; which he conſented to without any heſitation.

The day was now fixed for his departure; and having ordered his poſt-chaiſe to wait at her door, he went in the morning to take his laſt farewel. He found her at her tea-table ready to receive him, and little Pompey ſitting innocently on the ſettee by his miſtreſs's ſide, not once ſuſpecting what was about to happen to him, and far from thinking himſelf on the point of ſo long a journey: for neither dogs nor men can look into futurity, or penetrate the deſigns of Fate. Nay, I have been told, that he ate his breakfaſt that morning with more than uſual tranquillity; and though his miſtreſs continued to careſs him, and lament his departure, he neither underſtood

ſtood the meaning of her kiſſes, nor greatly returned her affection. At length, the accompliſhed Hillario taking out his watch, and curſing time for intruding on his pleaſures, ſignified he muſt be gone that moment. Raviſhing therefore an hundred kiſſes from his miſtreſs, and taking up little Pompey in his arms, he went off humming an Italian tune, and, with an air of affected concern, threw himſelf careleſſly into his chaiſe; from whence looking up with a melancholy ſhrug to her window, and ſhewing the little favourite to his forſaken miſtreſs, he was interrupted by the voice of the poſtilion, deſiring to be informed of the route he was to take; which little particular this well-bred gentleman had in his hurry forgot, as thinking it, perhaps, of no great conſequence. But now curſing the fellow for not knowing his mind without putting him to the trouble of explaining it—'Damn you,' cries he, 'drive to the devil if you will, 'for I ſhall never be happy again as long as I breathe!' Recollecting himſelf, however, upon ſecond thoughts, and thinking it as well to defer that journey to ſome future opportunity, he gave his orders for ——: and then looking up again at the window, and bowing, the poſt-chaiſe hurried away, while his charmer ſtood laughing and mimicing his geſtures.

As her affection for him was wholly built on intereſt, of courſe it ended the very moment ſhe loſt ſight of his cha ſe; and we may conclude his for her had not a much longer continuance: for, notwithſtanding the proteſtations he made of keeping her dog for ever in remembrance of her, little Pompey had like to have been left behind in the very firſt day's ſtage. Hillario, after dinner, had repoſed himſelf to ſleep on a couch in the inn; from whence being awaked with the information that his chaiſe was ready, and waited his pleaſure at the door, he ſtarted up, diſcharged his bill, and was proceeding on his journey, without once beſtowing a thought on the neglected favourite. His ſervant, however, being more conſiderate, brought him, and delivered him at the chaiſe door to his maſter; who cried indolently,—'Begad, that's well

'thought on!' called him a little devil for giving ſo much trouble; and then drove away with the utmoſt unconcernedneſs. This I mention to ſhew how very ſhort-lived are the affections of proteſting lovers.

CHAP. III.

Our hero arrives in England. A converſation between two ladies concerning his maſter.

BUT as it is not my deſign to follow this gentleman through his tour, we muſt be contented to paſs over great part of the puppyhood of little Pompey, till the time of his arrival at London; only it may be of importance to remember, that, in his paſſage from Calais to Dover, he was extremely ſea-ſick, and twice given over by a phyſician on board; but ſome medicinal applications, together with a week's confinement in his chamber, after he came to town, reſtored him to his perfect health.

Hillario was no ſooner landed, than he diſpatched his French valet to London, with orders to provide him handſome lodgings in Pall Mall, or ſome other great ſtreet near the court; and himſelf ſet forwards the next day with his whole retinue. Let us therefore imagine him arrived and ſettled in his new apartments; let us ſuppoſe the news-writers to have performed their duty, and all the important world of dreſs buſy, as uſual, in reporting from one to another, that Hillario was returned from his travels.

As ſoon as his cheſts and baggage were arrived in town, his ſervants were all employed in ſetting forth to view, in his anti-chamber, the ſeveral valuable curioſities he had collected; that his viſitors might be detained, as they paſſed through it, in making obſervations on the elegance of his taſte. For, though dreſs and gallantry were his principal ambition, he had condeſcended, in compliance with the humour of the times, to conſult the Ciceroni at Rome, and other places, as to what was proper to be purchaſed, in order to eſtabliſh a reputation for Vertu: and they had furniſhed him accordingly,

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at a proportionable expence, with all the neceſſary ingredients of modern taſte; that is to ſay, with fingers and toes of ancient ſtatues, medals bearing the name of Roman emperors on their inſcriptions, and copied original pictures of all the great maſters and ſchools of Italy. They had likewiſe taught him a ſet of phraſes and obſervations proper to be made, whenever the converſation ſhould turn upon ſuch ſubjects; which, by the help of a good memory, he uſed with tolerable propriety: he could deſcant, in terms of art, on ruſts and varniſhes; and deſcribe the air, the manner, the characteriſtic of different painters, in language almoſt as learned as the ingenious writer of a late eſſay. Here, he would obſerve, the drawing is incorrect; there the attitude ungraceful; the cuſtome ill-preſerved, the contours harſh, the ordonnance irregular, the light too ſtrong, the ſhade too deep; with many other affected remarks, which may be found in a very grave ſententious book of morality.

But dreſs, as we before obſerved, was his darling vanity; and, conſequently, his rooms were more plentifully ſcattered with cloaths than any other curioſity: there all the pride of Paris was exhibited to view; ſuits of velvet and embroidery, ſword hilts, red-heeled ſhoes, and ſnuff-boxes, lay about in negligent confuſion. Nor did he appear with leſs eclat without doors; for he had now ſhewn his gilt chariot and bay horſes in all the ſtreets of gay reſort, and was allowed to have the moſt ſplendid, brilliant equipage in London. The club at White's ſoon voted him a member of their fraternity; and there began a kind of rivalry among the ladies of faſhion, who ſhould firſt engage him to their aſſemblies. At all toilettes and parties in the morning, who but Hillario? At all drums and diverſions in the evening, who but Hillario? Nobody came into the ſide-box at a play-houſe with ſo graceful a negligence; and it was on all hands confeſſed, that he had the moſt accompliſhed way of talking nonſenſe of any man of quality in London.

As the fashionable part of the world are glad of any fresh topic of conversation that will not much fatigue their understandings; and the arrival of a new fop, the sight of a new chariot, or the appearance of a new fashion, are all articles of the highest importance to them; it could not be otherwise, but that the shew and figure which Hillario made must supply all the polite circles with matter for commendation or censure. As a little specimen of this kind of conversations may, perhaps, not be disagreeable, I will beg the reader's patience a moment, to relate what passed on this subject between Cleanthe and Cleora, two ladies of eminence and distinction in the commonwealth of vanity. The former was a young lady of about fifty, who had out-lived many generations of beauties, yet still preserved the airs and behaviour of fifteen; the latter, a celebrated toast, now in the meridian of her charms, and giddy with the admiration she excited. These two ladies had been for some time past engaged in a strict female friendship, and were now sitting down to supper at twelve o'clock at night, to talk over the important follies of the day. They had played at cards that evening at four different assemblies, left their names each of them at near twenty doors, and taken half a turn round Ranelagh, where the youngest had been engaged in a very smart exchange of bows, smiles, and compliments, with Hillario. This had been observed by Cleanthe, who was at the same place, and envied her the many civilities she received from a gentleman so splendidly dressed, whose embroidery gave a peculiar poignancy to his wit. Wherefore, at supper, she began to vent her spite against him, telling Cleora she wondered how she could listen to the impertinence of such a coxcomb. 'Surely,' said she, 'you can-
'not admire him! For my part, I am amazed at people
'for calling him handsome! Do you really think him,
'my dear, so agreeable as the town generally makes
'him?' Cleora, hesitating a moment, replied, she did not well know what beauty was in a man. 'To be
'sure,' added she, 'if one examines his features one by
'one,

'one, one ſees nothing very extraordinary in him; but, 'altogether, he has an air, and a manner, and a no-'tion of things, my dear: he is lively, and airy, and 'engaging, and all that; and then his dreſſes are quite 'charming!'—'Yes,' ſaid Cleanthe, 'that may be a 'very good recommendation of his taylor; and if one 'deſigns to marry a ſuit of velvet, why nobody better 'than Hillario! How ſhould you like him for a huſ-'band, Cleora?'—'Faith,' ſaid Cleora, ſmiling, 'I 'never once thought ſeriouſly upon the ſubject in my 'life: but ſurely, my dear, there is ſuch a thing as 'fancy and taſte in dreſs; in my opinion, a man ſhews 'his parts in nothing more than in the choice of his 'cloaths and equipage.'—'Why, to be ſure,' ſaid Cleanthe, 'the man has ſomething of a notion at dreſs, 'I confeſs it; yet, methinks, I could make an altera-'tion for the better in his liveries.' Then began a very curious converſation on ſhoulder knots; and they ran over all the liveries in town, commending one, and diſ-liking another, with great nicety of judgment. From ſhoulder-knots they proceeded to the colour of coach-horſes; and Cleanthe, reſolving to diſlike Hillario's equipage, aſked her if ſhe did not prefer greys to bays. Cleora anſwered in the negative; and the clock ſtruck one before they had decided this momentous queſtion: which was conteſted with ſo much earneſtneſs, that both of them were beginning to grow angry, and to ſay ill-natured things, had not a new topic ariſen to divert the diſcourſe. His chariot came next under conſideration, and then they returned to ſpeculate his dreſs; and when they had fully exhauſted all the external accompliſhments of a huſband, they vouchſafed, at laſt, to come to the qualities of the mind. Cleora preferred a man who had travelled: 'Becauſe,' ſaid ſhe, 'he has ſeen the world, 'and muſt be ten thouſand times more agreeable and 'entertaining than a dull home-bred fellow, who has 'never improved himſelf by ſeeing things.' But Cleanthe was of a different opinion; alledging that this would only give him a greater conceit of himſelf, and make

him

him leſs manageable by a wife. Then they fell to abuſing matrimony, numbered over the many unhappy couples of their acquaintance, and both of them, for a moment, reſolved to live ſingle: but thoſe reſolutions were ſoon exploded. 'For though,' ſaid Cleanthe, 'I 'ſhould prefer a friendſhip with an agreeable man far 'beyond marrying him; yet, you know, my dear, *we* '*girls* are under ſo many reſtraints, that one muſt wiſh 'for a huſband, if it be only for the privilege of going 'into public places, without the protection of a mar-'ried-woman along with one, to give one countenance.' Cleora rallied the expreſſion of *we girls*, which again had like to have bred a quarrel between them; and ſoon afterwards, happening to ſay ſhe ſhould like to dance with Hillario at the next ridotta, Cleanthe, notwithſtanding the indifference ſhe had hitherto expreſſed towards him, could not help, declaring that ſhe ſhould be pleaſed alſo to have him for a partner. This ſtirred up a warmer altercation than any that had yet ariſen; and they contended with ſuch vehemence for this diſtant imaginary happineſs, which perhaps might happen to neither of them, that they grew quire unappeaſeable; and, in the end, departed to bed with as much malice and enmity as if the one had made an attempt on the other's life.

CHAP. IV.

Another converſation between Hillario and two ladies of quality.

OUR hero was now perfectly recovered from the indiſpoſition hinted at in the beginning of the preceding chapter, and pretty well reconciled to the air of England; but as yet he had made few acquaintances either with gentlemen of his own or a different ſpecies, being ſeldom permitted to expatiate beyond Hillario's lodgings; where his chief amuſement was to ſtand with his fore paws up in the window, and contemplate the coaches that paſſed through the ſtreet.

But Fortune, who had deſtined him to a great variety of adventures, no ſooner obſerved that he was ſettled,

tled, and began to grow eſtabliſhed in his new apartments, than ſhe determined, according to her uſual inconſtancy, to beat up his quarters, and provide him a new habitation.

Hillario and his little dog were making a viſit one morning to a lady of quality at her toilette; where they had not been long, before another lady of the ſame rank entered the room, and joined the converſation. It turned, as I have been told, on the Italian opera, which they all declared to be the moſt ſublime entertainment in life; when, on a ſudden, little Pompey leaped up into his maſter's lap. Lady Tempeſt (that was the name of the lady laſt arrived) no ſooner ſaw him, than, addreſſing herſelf to his maſter with the eaſe and familiarity of modern breeding—'Hillario,' ſaid ſhe, 'where 'the devil did you get that pretty dog?'—'This dog, 'Madam,' cried Hillario, 'Oh l'amour!— thereby 'hangs a tale—This dog, Madam, once belonged to a 'woman of the firſt faſhion in Italy, the fineſt creature, 'I think, that ever my eyes yet beheld! Such a ſhape, 'and ſuch an air! Then ran he into the moſt extravagant encomiums on her beauty; and, after dropping many hints of an intrigue, to awaken the ladies curioſity, and make them enquire into the particulars of the ſtory, concluded with deſiring them to excuſe him from proceeding any farther, for he thought it the higheſt injury to betray a lady's ſecrets. 'Nay,' ſaid Lady Tempeſt, 'it can do her reputation no hurt to tell tales 'of her in England; and beſides, Hillario, if you ac'quitted yourſelf with ſpirit and gallantry in the affair, 'who knows but we ſhall like you the better after we 'have heard your ſtory?'—'Well,' ſaid he, 'on that 'condition, my dear counteſs, I will confeſs the truth. 'I had an affair with this lady; and, I think none of my 'amours ever afforded me greater tranſport: but the 'eyes of a huſband will officiouſly be prying into things 'that do not concern them. Her jealous-pated booby 'ſurpriſed us one evening in a little familiar dalliance; 'and, pox take him! ſent me a challenge the next 'morning.'

'morning.'—'Bleſs us,' ſaid Lady Tempeſt; 'and 'what became of it?'—'Why,' cries Hillario, 'I 'would willingly have waſhed my hands of the fellow if 'I could: for I thought it but a ſilly buſineſs to ha-'zard one's life with ſo ridiculous an animal; but, 'curſe the blockhead! he could not underſtand ridicule. 'You muſt know, Madam, I ſent him for anſwer, 'with the greateſt eaſe imaginable, (quite compoſed as 'I am at this moment) that I had ſo prodigious a cold, 'it would be imprudent to fight abroad in the open air, 'but if he would have a fire in his beſt apartment, and 'a bottle of Burgundy ready for me on the table, after 'I had gone through the fatigue of killing him, I was 'at his ſervice as ſoon as he pleaſed; meaning, you ſee, 'to have turned the affair off with a joke, if the fellow 'had been capable of taſting ridicule.' But that ſtra-'tagem,' replied Lady Tempeſt, 'I am afraid, did 'not ſucceed; the man, I doubt, was too dull to ap-'prehend your raillery.'—'Dull as a beetle, Madam!' ſaid Hillario; 'the monſter continued obſtinate, and 'repeated his challenge. When, therefore, I found 'nothing elſe would do, I reſolved to meet him according 'to his appointment; and there—in ſhort—Ha! ha! I 'ſhall never forget how he looked—in ſhort, not to 'trouble your ladyſhips with a long tedious deſcription '—I ran him through the body.' Both the ladies burſt out a laughing at this ſtory, which they moſt juſtly concluded to be a lye; and, after entertaining themſelves with many pleaſant remarks upon it, one of them ſaid with a ſmile—'But what is this to the dog, Hil-'lario?'—'The dog, Madam,' anſwered he, 'O par-'don me—I am coming to the dog immediately.—'Come hither, Pompey, and liſten to your own ſtory. 'This dog, Madam—this very little dog—had at that 'time the honour of waiting on the dear woman I have 'been deſcribing: and as the noiſe of my duel obliged 'me to quit Bologna, I ſent her private notice of my 'intentions, and begged her by any means to favour 'me with an interview before my departure. The

'monſter,

'monſter, her huſband, who then lay on his death-bed, 'immured her ſo cloſely, that you may imagine it was 'very difficult to gratify my deſires: but love, im-'mortal love, gave her courage; ſhe ſent me a private 'key to get admiſſion into her garden, and appointed 'me an aſſignation in an orange-grove at nine in the 'evening. I flew to the dear creature's arms, and ſpent 'an hour with her in the greateſt rapture, till it grew 'dangerous and impoſſible to ſtay any longer. O mon 'cœur! then we kneeled down both of us on the cold 'ground, and ſaluted one another, for the laſt time, on 'our knees. D—mn'd malicious fate tore me at length 'from her arms; and ſhe gave me this dog—this indi-'vidual little dog—to carry with me as a memorial of 'her love. The poor, dear, tender woman died, I 'hear, within three weeks after my departure! But 'this dog, this divine little dog, will I keep everlaſt-'ingly for her ſake!'

When the ladies had heard him to an end—'Well,' ſaid Lady Tempeſt, 'you have really told a very pretty 'ſtory, Hillario: but as to your reſolutions of keeping 'the dog, I ſwear you ſhall break them; for I had the 'misfortune the other day to loſe my favourite black 'ſpaniel of the mange, and I intend you ſhall give me 'this little dog to ſupply his place.'—'Not for the uni-'verſe, Madam!' replied Hillario; 'I ſhould expect to 'ſee his dear injured miſtreſs's ghoſt haunting me in my 'ſleep to night, if I could be guilty of ſuch an act of 'infidelity to her!'—'Pugh,' ſaid the lady, 'do not 'tell me of ſuch ridiculous ſuperſtitious trumpery! You 'no more came by the dog in this manner, Hillario, 'than you will fly to the moon to-night. But, look'e 'make no preambles; for I poſitively muſt and will 'take him home with me.'—'Madam,' ſaid Hillario, 'this little dog is ſacred to love: he was born to be 'the herald of love; and there is but one conſideration 'in nature that can poſſibly induce me to part with it.' 'And what is that?' ſaid the lady. 'That, Madam,' cries Hillario, bowing, 'is the honour of viſiting him

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'at all hours in his new apartments: he muſt be the 'herald of love wherever he goes, on theſe conditions. 'If you will now and then admit me of your retirements, 'little Pompey waits your acceptance as ſoon as you 'pleaſe.' 'Well,' ſaid the lady, ſmiling, 'you 'know I am not inexorable, Hillario; and, if you have 'a mind to viſit your little friend at my ruelle, you 'will find him ready to receive you: though, faith, 'upon ſecond thoughts, I know not whether I dare ad-'mit you or not. You are ſuch a killer of huſbands, 'Hillario, that it is quite terrible to think on! and if 'mine was not conveniently removed out of the way, I 'ſhould have the poor man ſacrificed for his jealouſy!' 'Raillery! raillery!' returned Hillario: 'but as you 'ſay, my dear counteſs, your monſter is commodiouſly 'out of the way; and therefore we need be under no 'apprehenſions from that quarter, for I hardly believe 'he will riſe out of his grave to interrupt our amours!' 'Amours!' cried the lady, lifting up her voice, 'pray 'what have I ſaid that encourages you to talk of 'amours?'

From this time the converſation began to grow much too looſe to be reported in this work: they congratulated each other on the felicity of living in an age that allows ſuch indulgence to women, and gives them leave to break looſe from their huſbands, whenever they grow moroſe and diſagreeable, or attempt to interrupt their pleaſures. From hence they relapſed again into a diſcourſe on the Italian opera; and thence made a quick tranſition to ladies painting. This was no ſooner ſtarted, than Hillario begged leave to preſent the lady of the houſe with a box of rouge, which he had brought with him from France, aſſuring her that the ladies were arrived at ſuch an excellency of uſing it at Paris, as to confound all diſtinction of age and beauty. 'I proteſt 'to your ladyſhip,' continued he, 'it is impoſſible at 'any diſtance to diſtinguiſh a woman of ſixty from a 'girl of ſixteen; and I have ſeen an old dowager in the 'oppoſite box at their play-houſe, make as good a

'figure,

'figure, and look as blooming, as the youngeſt beauty 'in the place. Nothing in nature is there required to 'make a woman handſome but eyes. If a woman has 'but eyes, ſhe may be a beauty whenever ſhe pleaſes, 'at the expence of a couple of guineas. Teeth and 'hair, and eye-brows and complexions, are all as cheap 'as fans, and gloves, and ribbands.'

While this ingenious orator was purſuing his eloquent harangue on beauty, Lady Tempeſt, looking at her watch, declared it was time to be going; for ſhe had ſeven or eight viſits more to make that morning, and it was then almoſt three in the afternoon. Litrle Pompey, who had abſented himſelf during great part of the preceding converſation, as thinking it, perhaps, above the reach of his underſtanding, was now ordered to be produced; and the moment he made his appearance, Lady Tempeſt catching him up in her arms, was conducted by Hillario into her chair, which ſtood at the door waiting her commands. Thus our hero, with three footmen fore-running his equipage, ſet out in triumph for his new apartments.

CHAP. V.

The character of Lady Tempeſt, with ſome particulars of her ſervants and family.

THE ſudden appearance of this lady, with whom our hero is now about taking up his reſidence, may perhaps excite the reader's curioſity to know who ſhe is; and therefore, before we proceed any farther in our hiſtory, we ſhall ſpend a page or two in bringing him acquainted with her character. But let me admoniſh thee, my gentle friend, whoſoever thou art that ſhall vouchſafe to peruſe this little treatiſe, not to be too forward in making applications, or to conſtrue ſatire into libel: for we declare here, once for all, that no character drawn in this work is intended for any particular perſon, but meant to comprehend a great variety; and therefore, if thy ſagacity diſcovers likeneſſes that were never intended, and meanings that were never meant, be ſo good to impute it to thy own ill-nature, and accuſe not the hum-

ble author of theſe ſheets. Taking this caution along with thee, candid-reader, we may venture to truſt thee with a character, which otherwiſe we ſhall be afraid to draw.

Lady Tempeſt then was originally daughter to a private gentleman of moderate fortune, which ſhe was to ſhare in common with a brother and two other ſiſters: but her wit and beauty ſoon diſtinguiſhed her among her acquaintance, and recompenced the deficiencies of fortune. She was a free-hearted, ſprightly, jovial girl, very cheerful in her converſation, and open in her behaviour; ready to promote any party of pleaſure, and not diſpleaſed now and then to be aſſiſtant in a little miſchief. This made her company courted by men of all ſorts; among whom her affability and ſpirit, as well as her beauty, procured her many admirers. At length ſhe was ſolicited in marriage by a young lord, famous for nothing but his great eſtate, and far her inferior in underſtanding: but the advantageouſneſs of the match ſoon prevailed with her parents to give their conſent, and the thoughts of a title ſo dazzled her own eyes, that ſhe had no leiſure to aſk herſelf whether ſhe liked the man or no that wore it. His lordſhip married for the ſake of begetting an heir to his eſtate; and married her in particular becauſe he had heard her toaſted as a beauty by moſt of his acquaintance. She, on the contrary, married becauſe ſhe wanted a huſband: and married him, becauſe he could give her a title and a coach and ſix.

But, alas! there is this little misfortune attending matrimony, that people cannot live together any time, without diſcovering each other's tempers. Familiarity ſoon draws aſide the maſk, and all that artificial complaiſance and ſmiling good humour, which makes ſo agreeable a part of courtſhip, go off like April bloſſoms, upon a longer acquaintance. The year was ſcarce ended before her young ladyſhip was ſurpriſed to find ſhe had married a *fool*; which little circumſtance her vanity had concealed from her before marriage, and the hurry and tranſport ſhe felt in a new equipage did not ſuffer her to attend

tend to for the firſt half-year afterwards. But now ſhe began to doubt whether ſhe had not made an unhappy bargain for life, and conſulting with ſome of her female intimates about it, (ſeveral of whom were married) ſhe received ſuch documents from them, as I am afraid did not a little contribute to prepare her for the ſteps ſhe afterwards took.

Her huſband too, though not very quick of diſcernment, had by this time found out, that his wife's ſpirit and romantic diſpoſition were inconſiſtent with his own gloom; which gave new clouds to his temper, and he often curſed himſelf in ſecret for marrying her.

They ſoon grew to reveal theſe thoughts to one another, both in words and actions; they ſat down to meals with indifference; they went to bed with indifference; and the one was always ſure to diſlike what the other at any time ſeemed to approve. Her ladyſhip had recourſe to the common expedient in theſe caſes, I mean the getting a female companion into the houſe with her, as well to relieve her from the tedioufneſs of ſitting down to meals alone with her huſband, as chiefly to hear her complaints, and ſpirit her up againſt her fool and tyrant, the names by which ſhe uſually ſpoke of her lord and maſter. When no ſuch female companions, or more properly *toad-eaters*, happened to be preſent, ſhe choſe rather to divert herſelf with a little favourite dog, than to murder any of her precious time in converſing with her huſband. This his lordſhip obſerved, and beſides many ſevere reflections and croſs ſpeeches, at length he wreaked his vengence on the little favourite, and in a paſſion put him to death. This was an affair ſo heinous in the lady's own eſteem, and pronounced to be ſo *barbarous*, ſo *ſhocking*, ſo *inhuman*, by all her acquaintance, that ſhe reſolved no longer to keep any terms with him, and from this moment grew deſperate in all her actions.

Firſt then, ſhe reſolved to ſupply the place of one favourite with a great number, and immediately procured as many dogs into the family as it could well hold. His lordſhip, in return, would order his ſervant to hang two

or three of them every week, and never failed kicking them down ſtairs by dozens, whenever they came in his way. When this and many other ſtratagems had been tried, ſome with good and ſome with bad ſucceſs, ſhe came at laſt to play the great game of female reſentment, and by many intimations gave him to miſtruſt, that a ſtranger had invaded his bed. Whether this was real or only an artifice of ſpite, his lordſhip could never diſcover, and therefore we ſhall not indulge the reader's curioſity, by letting him into the ſecret: but the bare apprehenſion of it ſo inflamed his choler, that her company now became intolerable to him, and indeed their meetings were dreadful to themſelves, and terrible to all beholders. Their ſervants uſed to ſtand at the door to liſten to their quarrels, and then charitably diſperſe the ſubjects of them through the town; ſo that all companies now rang of Lord and Lady Tempeſt. But this could not continue long; for indifference may ſometimes be born in a married ſtate, but indignation and hatred I believe never can; and it is impoſſible to ſay what their quarrels might have produced, had not his lordſhip very ſeaſonably died, and left his *diſconſolate widow* to bear about the mockery of woe to all public places for a year.

She now began the world anew on her own foundation, and ſet ſail down the ſtream of pleaſure, without the fears of virginity to check her, or the influence of a huſband to control her. Now ſhe recovered that ſprightlineſs of converſation and gaiety of behaviour, which had been clouded during the latter part of her cohabition with her huſband; and was ſoon cried up for the greateſt female wit in London. Men of gallantry, and all the world of pleaſure, had eaſy acceſs to her; and malicious fame reports, that ſhe was not over hard-hearted to the ſolicitations of love; but far be it from us to report any ſuch improbable ſcandal. What gives her a place in this hiſtory, is her fondneſs for dogs, which from her childhood ſhe loved exceedingly, and was ſeldom without a little favourite to carry about in her arms; but from the moment her angry huſband ſacrificed one of them to

his

his reſentment, ſhe grew more paſſionately fond of them than ever, and now conſtantly kept ſix or eight of various kinds in her houſe. About this time, one of her greateſt favourites had the misfortune to die of the mange, as was above commemorated; and when ſhe ſaw little Pompey, ſhe reſolved immediately to beſtow the vacancy upon him, which that well-bred gentleman conſented to on certain conditions, as the reader has ſeen in the foregoing chapter.

She returned home from her viſit juſt as the clock was ſtriking four, and after ſurveying herſelf a moment in the glaſs, and a little adjuſting her hair, went directly to introduce maſter Pompey to his companions. Theſe were an Italian greyhound, a Dutch pug, two black ſpaniels of King Charles's breed, a harlequin greyhound, a ſpotted Dane, and a mouſe-coloured Engliſh bull-dog. They heard their miſtreſs rap at the door, and were aſſembled in the dining room, ready to receive her: but on the appearance of maſter Pompey, they ſet up a general bark, perhaps out of envy; and ſome of them treated the little ſtranger with rather more rudeneſs than was conſiſtent with dogs of their education. However, the lady ſoon interpoſed her authority, and commanded ſilence among them, by ringing a little bell, which ſhe kept by her for that purpoſe. They all obeyed the ſignal inſtantly, and were ſtill in a moment; upon which ſhe carried little Pompey round, and obliged them all to ſalute their new acquaintance, at the ſame time commanding ſome of them to aſk pardon for their unpolite behaviour; which whether they underſtood or not muſt be left to the reader's determination. She then ſummoned a ſervant, and ordered a chicken to be roaſted for him; but hearing that dinner was juſt ready to be ſerved up, ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, he muſt be contented with what was provided for herſelf that day, but gave orders to the cook to get ready a chicken to his own ſhare againſt night.

Her ladyſhip now ſat down to table, and Pomepy was placed at her elbow, where he received many dainty bits from her fair hands, and was careſſed by her all dinner-

time, with more than uſual fondneſs. The ſervants winked at one another while they were waiting, and conveyed many ſneers acroſs the table with their looks; all which had the good luck to eſcape her ladyſhip's obſervation. But the moment they were retired from waiting, they gave vent to their thoughts with all the ſcurrilous wit and ill-mannered railery, which diſtinguiſhes the converſation of thoſe party-coloured gentlemen.

And firſt, the butler out of livery ſerved up his remarks to the houſekeeper's table; which conſiſted of himſelf, an elderly fat woman the houſekeeper, and my lady's maid, a ſaucy, forward, affected girl of about twenty. Addreſſing himſelf to theſe ſecond-hand gentlewomen, as ſoon as they were pleaſed to ſit down to dinner, he informed them, that their family was increaſed, and that his lady had brought home a new companion. Their curioſity ſoon led them to deſire an explanation, and then telling them that this new companion was a new dog, he related minutely and circumſtantially all her ladyſhip's behaviour to him during the time of his attendance at the ſide-board, not forgetting to mention the orders of a roaſted chicken for the gentleman's ſupper. The houſekeeper launched out largely on the ſin and wickedneſs of feeding ſuch creatures with Chriſtian victuals, declaring it was flying in the face of Heaven, and wondered how her lady could admit them into her apartment, for ſhe ſaid they had already ſpoiled all the crimſon damaſk chairs in the dining room.

But my lady's maid had a great deal more to ſay on this ſubject; and as it was her particular office to wait on theſe four-footed worthies, ſhe complained of the hardſhip done her, with great volubility of tongue. 'Then,' ſays ſhe, 'there's a new plague come home, is there? he 'has got the mange too, I ſuppoſe, and I ſhall have 'him to waſh and comb to-morrow morning. I am 'ſure I am all over fleas with tending ſuch naſty poiſon-'ous vermin, and 'tis a ſhame to put a Chriſtian to ſuch 'offices. I was in hopes when that little mangy devil 'died t'other day, we ſhould have no more of them; but

deuce

'deuce fetch me if I won't run the comb into the little 'devil's back the firſt time he comes under my hands. 'I can't endure to ſee my lady let them kiſs her, and 'lick her face all over as ſhe does. I am ſure I'd ſee all 'the dogs in England at Jericho, before I'd ſuffer ſuch 'pole cat vermin to lick my face. Fogh! tis enough 'to make one ſick to ſee it; and I am ſure, if I was a 'man, I'd ſcorn to kiſs a face that had been licked by 'a dog.'

This was part of a ſpeech made by this delicate mincing comb-bruſher; and the reſt we ſhall omit; to wait upon the inferior ſervants, who were now aſſembled at dinner in their common hall of gluttony, and exerciſing their talents likewiſe on the ſame ſubject. John the footman here reported what Mr. William the butler had done before in his department, that their lady had brought home a new dog. 'Damn it,' cries the coachman, with a ſurly brutal voice, 'what ſignifies a new dog? 'has ſhe brought home ever a new man?' which was ſeconded with a loud laugh from all the company. Another ſwore, he never knew a kennel of dogs kept in a bed-chamber before; which likewiſe was applauded with a loud and boiſterous laugh: but as ſuch kind of wit is too low for the dignity of this hiſtory, though much affected by many of my contemporaries, I fancy I ſhall eaſily have the reader's excuſe, if I forbear to relate any more of it.

To ſay the truth, the lower ſort of men-ſervants are the moſt inſolent, brutal, ungenerous raſcals on the face of the earth: they are bred up in idleneſs, drunkenneſs, and debauchery, and inſtead of concealing any faults they obſerve at home, find a pleaſure in villifying and mangling the reputations of their maſters in all alehouſes, nine-pin-alleys, gin-ſhops, cellars, and every other place of dirty rendezvous.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Our hero becomes a dog of the town, and ſhines in high life.

POMPEY was now grown up to maturity and dog's eſtate, when he came to live with Lady Tempeſt; who ſoon uſhered him into all the joys and vanities of the town.

As he attended his miſtreſs to all routs, drums, hurricanes, hurley-burleys, and earthquakes, he ſoon eſtabliſhed an acquaintance and friendſhip with the moſt noted dogs of quality, and of courſe affected a moſt hearty contempt for all of inferior ſtation, whom he would never vouchſafe to play with, or pay them the leaſt regard. He ſeemed to know at firſt ſight, whether a dog had received a good education, by his manner of coming into a room, and was extremely ambitious to ſhew his 'collar at court;' in which again he reſembled certain other dogs, who are equally vain of their finery, and happy to be diſtinguiſhed in their 'reſpective orders.'

If he could have ſpoken, I am perſuaded he would have uſed the phraſe ſo much in faſhion; 'Nobody one knows! 'Wretches dropt out of the moon! Creatures ſprung 'from a dunghill!' By which are ſignified all thoſe who are not born to a title, or have not impudence and diſhoneſty enough to run in debt with their taylors for laced cloaths.

Again, had he been to write a letter from Bath or Tunbridge, he would have told his correſpondent, there was not a ſoul in the place; though at the ſame time he knew there were above two thouſand; becauſe perhaps none of the men wore ſtars and garters, and none of the women were bold enough to impoveriſh their families, by playing at the noble and illuſtrious game of Bragg.

As he was now become a dog of the town, and perfectly well-bred, of courſe he gave himſelf up to intrigue, and had ſeldom leſs than two or three amours at a time with bitches of the higheſt faſhion: in which circumſtances he again lamented the want of ſpeech, being by that means debarred from the pleaſure of boaſting of the favours

vours he received. But his gallantries were ſoon divulged by the conſequences of them; and as ſeveral very pretty puppies had been the offspring of his loves, it was uſual for all the acquaintances of Lady Tempeſt to ſolicit and cultivate his breed. And here I ſhall beg leave to inſert two little billets of a very extraordinary nature, as the ſpecimen of what it is that engages the attention of ladies of quality in this refined and accompliſhed age. Lady Tempeſt was ſitting at her toilette one morning, when her maid brought her the following little ſcroll, from another lady, whoſe name will be ſeen at the bottom of her letter.

'DEAR TEMPEST,

'MY favouite little Veny is at preſent troubled with 'certain amorous infirmities of nature, and would not be 'diſpleaſed with the addreſſes of a lover. Be ſo good 'therefore to ſend little Pompey by my ſervant who brings 'this note, for I fancy it will make a very pretty breed; 'and when the lovers have tranſacted their affairs, he 'ſhall be ſent home incontinently. Believe me, dear 'Tempeſt, yours affectionately,

'RACKET.'

Lady Tempeſt, as ſoon as ſhe had read this curious epiſtle, called for pen and ink, and immediately wrote the following anſwer, which likewiſe we beg leave to inſert.

'DEAR RACKET,

'INFIRMITIES of nature we all are ſubject to, and 'therefore I have ſent maſter Pompey to wait upon Miſs 'Veny, begging the favour of you to return him as ſoon 'as his gallantries are over. Conſider my dear, no mo-'dern love can, in the nature of things, laſt above three 'days, and therefore I hope to ſee my little friend again 'very ſoon. Your affectionate friend,

'TEMPEST.'

In conſequence of theſe letters, our hero was conducted to Mrs. Racket's houſe, where he was received with the civility due to his ſtation in life, and treated on the footing

ing of a gentleman who came a courting in the family. Mrs. Racket had two daughters, who had greatly improved their natural reliſh for pleaſure in the warm climate of a town education, and were extremely ſolicitous to inform themſelves of all the myſteries of love. Theſe young ladies no ſooner heard of Pompey's arrival, than they went down ſtairs into the parlour, and undertook themſelves to introduce him to Miſs Veny: for love ſo much engroſſed their thoughts, that they could not ſuffer a lap-dog in the houſe to have an amour without their privity. Here, while they were ſolacing themſelves with innocent ſpeculation, a young gentleman who viſited on a familiar footing in the family, was introduced ſomewhat abruptly to them. They no ſooner found themſelves ſurpriſed, than they ran tittering to a corner of the parlour, and hid their faces behind their fans; while their viſitor not happening to obſerve the hymeneal rites that were celebrating, begged to know the cauſe of their mirth. This redoubled their diverſion, and they burſt out afreſh into ſuch immoderate fits of laughter, that the poor man began to look exceeding fooliſh, imagining himſelf to be the object of their ridicule. In vain he renewed his entreaties to be let into the ſecret of their laughter; the ladies had not the power of utterance, and he would ſtill have continued ignorant, had he not accidentally caſt his eye aſide, and there beheld maſter Pompey with the moſt prevailing ſolicitation making love to his four-footed miſtreſs. This at once ſatisfied his curioſity, and he was no longer at a loſs to know the reaſon of that uncommon joy and rapture which the ladies had expreſſed.

Thus was our hero permitted to riot in all the luxuries of life, and treated every where, both at home and abroad, with the greateſt indulgence. He fed every day upon chickens, partridges, ragouts, fricaſſees, and all the rarities in ſeaſon; which ſo pampered him up with luxurious notions, as made ſome future ſcenes of life the more grievous to him, when fortune obliged him to undergo the hardſhips that will hereafter be recorded.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Relating a curious diſpute on the immortality of the ſoul, in which the name of our hero will but once be mentioned.

NOTHING is more common on the ſtage, than to ſuſpend the curioſity of an audience in the moſt intereſting ſcenes of a play, and relieve them, as it is called, with a dance of ghoſts, or devils, or furies, or other outlandiſh beings. In imitation of this laudable cuſtom, before the reader proceeds any farther in Pompey's hiſtory, he is deſired to relieve himſelf with a curious diſpute on the immortality of the ſoul, which paſſed one day in our hero's preſence.

Lady Tempeſt, about this time, being indiſpoſed with ſome trifling diſorder, kept her chamber, and was attended by two phyſicians. Theſe gentlemen were now making their morning viſit, and had juſt gone through the examinations which cuſtom immemorial preſcribes: as—'How did your ladyſhip ſleep laſt night? Do you 'find any drowth, Madam? Pray let me look at your 'ladyſhip's tongue;' and many other queſtions which I have not leiſure now to record: when on a ſudden a violent rap at the door, and ſhortly afterward the appearance of a viſitor, interrupted their proceedings. The lady who now arrived came directly up to Lady Tempeſt, and made her compliments; then being deſired to ſit down, ſhe fell into ſome common chit-chat on the news of the town; in the midſt of which, without any thing preparatory to ſuch a ſubject, addreſſing herſelf on a ſudden to one of the phyſicians, with a face of infinite ſignificance and erudition, ſhe aſked him if he believed in the immortality of the ſoul; but before we anſwer this extraordinary queſtion, or relate the converſation that enſued upon it, it will be for the reader's eaſe to receive a ſhort ſketch of her character.

In many reſpects this lady was in ſimilar circumſtances with lady Tempeſt; only with this difference, that the one had been ſeparated from her huſband by his death, the other divorced from hers by act of parliament; the one was famous for wit, and the other affected the character

of

of wiſdom. Lady Sophiſter, (for that was her name) as ſoon as ſhe was releaſed from the matrimonial fetters, ſet out to viſit foreign parts, and had diſplayed her charms in moſt of the courts in Europe. There, in many parts of her tour, ſhe had cultivated an acquaintance with literati, and particularly in France, where the ladies affect a reputation of ſcience, and are able to diſcourſe on the profoundeſt queſtions of theology and philoſophy. The labyrinths of a female brain are ſo various and intricate, that it is difficult to ſay what firſt ſuggeſted the opinion to her, whether caprice or vanity of being ſingular; but all on a ſudden her ladyſhip took a fancy into her head to diſbelieve the immortality of the ſoul, and never came into the company of learned men without diſplaying her talents upon this wonderful ſubject. This extraordinary principle, to ſhew that ſhe did not take up her notions lightly and wantonly, ſhe was able to demonſtrate; and could appeal to the greateſt authorities in defence of it. She had read Hobbes, Malbranche, Locke, Shafteſbury, Woolaſton, and many more; all of whom ſhe obliged to give teſtimony to her paradox, and perverted paſſages out of their works with a facility 'very eaſy to be imagined.' But Mr. Locke had the misfortune to be her principal favourite, and conſequently it reſted chiefly upon him to furniſh her with quotations whenever her ladyſhip pleaſed to engage in controverſy. Such was the character of Lady Sophiſter, who now arrived, and aſked the ſurpriſing queſtion above-mentioned concerning the immortality of the ſoul.

Doctor Kildarby, to whom ſhe addreſſed herſelf, aſtoniſhed at the novelty of the queſtion, ſat ſtaring with horror and amazement on his companion; which Lady Tempeſt obſerving, and gueſſing that her female friend was going to be very abſurd, reſolved to promote the converſation for her own amuſement. Turning herſelf, therefore, to the doctor, ſhe ſaid with a ſmile—'Do not 'you underſtand the meaning of her ladyſhip's queſtion, 'Sir? She aſks you if you believe in the immortality of 'the ſoul?'

'Believe

'Believe in the immortality of the ſoul, Madam!' ſaid the doctor, ſtaring; 'bleſs me, your ladyſhips aſtoniſh me beyond meaſure. Believe in the immortality of the ſoul! Yes, undoubtedly; and I hope all mankind does the ſame.'

'Be not too ſure of that, Sir,' ſaid Lady Sophiſter: 'pray have you ever read Mr. Locke's controverſy with the Biſhop of Worceſter?'

'Mr. Locke's controverſy, Madam!' replied the doctor; 'I proteſt I am not ſure: Mr. Locke's controverſy with the Biſhop of Worceſter! Let me ſee— I vow I cannot recollect—My reading has been very multifarious and extenſive—Yes, Madam, I think I have read it; though I proteſt I cannot be ſure whether I have read it or no.'

'Have you ever read it, Doctor Rhubarb?' ſaid ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to the other phyſician.

'O yes, Madam, very often,' replied he; 'it is that fine piece of his where—Yes, yes, I have read it very often; I remember it perfectly well. But pray, Madam, is there any paſſage—I beg your ladyſhip's pardon if I am miſtaken—but is there any paſſage, I ſay, in that piece, which tends to confirm your ladyſhip's notion concerning the immortality of the ſoul?'

'Why pray, Sir,' ſaid the lady, with a ſmile of triumph, 'what do you eſteem the ſoul to be? Is it air, or fire, or æther, or a kind of quinteſſence, as Ariſtotle obſerved, and compoſition of all the elements?'

Doctor Rhubarb, quite dumb-founded with ſo much learning, deſired firſt to hear her ladyſhip's opinion of the matter. 'My opinion,' reſumed ſhe, 'is exactly the ſame with Mr. Locke's. You know Mr. Locke obſerves there are various kinds of matter— Well, but firſt we ſhould define matter, which you know the logicians tell us is an extended ſolid ſubſtance. Well, out of this matter, ſome you know is made into roſes and peach trees; then the next ſtep which matter takes, is animal life; from whence, you know, we have lions and elephants, and all the race of brutes:

'then the laſt ſtep, as Mr. Locke obſerves, is thought, 'and reaſon, and volition, from whence are created men; 'and therefore you very plainly ſee it is impoſſible for 'the ſoul to be immortal.'

'Pardon me, Madam,' ſaid Rhubarb. 'Roſes, and 'peach-trees, and elephants, and lions! I proteſt I re-'member nothing of this nature in Mr. Locke.—'Nay, 'Sir,' cried ſhe, 'can you deny me this? If the ſoul is 'fire, it muſt be extinguiſhed; if it is air, it muſt be 'diſperſed; if it be only a modification of matter, why 'then of courſe it ceaſes, you know, when matter is no 'longer modified; if it be any thing elſe, it is exactly 'the ſame thing: and therefore you muſt confeſs—in-'deed, doctor, you muſt confeſs—that it is impoſſible 'for the ſoul to be immortal.'

Doctor Kildarby, who had ſat ſilent for ſome time to collect his thoughts, finding what a learned antagoniſt he had to cope with, began now to harangue in the follow-ing manner. 'Madam,' ſaid he, 'as to the nature of 'the ſoul, to be ſure there have been ſuch opinions as 'your ladyſhip mentions about it—many various and 'unaccountable opinions. Some called it Divinum Cœ-'leſte; others Quinta Eſſentia, as your ladyſhip ob-'ſerves; and others Inflammata Anima; that is, Ma-'dam, Inflamed Air. Aritoxenus, an old muſician, 'as I remember, imagined the ſoul to be a muſical tune; 'and a mathematician that I have heard of, ſuppoſed it 'to be like an æquilateral triangle. Deſcartes, I think, 'makes its reſidence to be the pineal gland of the 'brain, where all the nerves terminate; and Borri, I 'remember, the Milaneſe phyſician, in a letter to Bar-'tholine, *de ortu cerebri et uſu medico*, aſſerts, that in 'the brain is found a certain very ſubtile fragrant juice, '(which I conceive may be the ſame as the nervous juice 'or animal ſpirits) and this he takes to be the reſidence 'or ſeat of the ſoul; the ſubtilty or fineneſs of which 'he ſuppoſes to depend, Madam, on the temperature of 'this liquor. But really all theſe opinions may very 'probably be falſe; we do but grope in the dark, Ma-

'dam;

'dam; we do but grope in the dark; and it would be 'better to let the ſubject entirely alone. The concurrent 'opinions of all mankind have ever agreed in believing 'the immortality of the ſoul; and this, I confeſs, is to 'me an unanſwerable argument of its truth. You ſee, 'Madam, I purpoſely wave the topic of revelation.'

'Oh, Sir, as to that matter,' cries the lady, interrupting him, 'as to revelation, Sir—' And here ſhe ran into much common-place raillery at the expence only of Chriſtianity and the Goſpel; till Lady Tempeſt cut her ſhort, and deſired her to be ſilent on that head; for this good lady believed all the doctrines of religion, and was contented, like many others, with the trifling privilege only of diſobeying all its precepts.

Lady Sophiſter, however, reſolved not to quit the field of battle, but rallied her forces, and once more fell on her adverſaries with an air of triumph. 'You ſay, I 'think Sir,' reſumed ſhe, 'that a multitude of opinions 'will eſtabliſh a truth. Now you know all the Indians 'believe that their dogs will go to heaven along with 'them; and if a great many opinions can prove any 'thing to be true, what ſay you to that, Sir? India, 'you know, doctor, is a prodigious large wide tract of 'continent, where the Gymnoſophiſts lived, and all 'that.—Pray, Lady Tempeſt, let us look at your 'globes.'

'My globes, Madam!' ſaid Lady Tempeſt; 'what 'globes of mine does your ladyſhip deſire to ſee?'

'What globes?' replied the diſputant; 'why your ce'leſtial and tereſtrial globes to be ſure. I want to look 'out India in the map, and ſhew the doctor what a pro'digious wide tract of continent it is in compariſon of 'our Europe: however, come, I believe we can do 'without them. As I was ſaying, therefore, Sir, the 'Indians you know believe their dogs will bear them 'company to heaven; and if a great many opinions can 'eſtabliſh the truth of an hypotheſis—you underſtand 'me, I hope, becauſe I would fain ſpeak to be under'ſtood—I ſay, if a great many opinions can prove any

'thing to be true, what ſay you to that Sir? For in-
'ſtance, now, there is Lady Tempeſt's little lap-dog—'
'My dear little creature,' ſaid Lady Tempeſt, catching him up in her arms, 'will you go to heaven along with
'me? I ſhall be vaſtly glad of your company, Pompey,
'if you will.' From this hint both their ladyſhips had many bright ſallies, till Lady Sophiſter, fluſhed with the hopes of this argument, recalled her adverſary to the queſtion, and deſired to hear his reply. 'Come, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'you have not yet reſponſed to my argument,
'you have not anſwered my laſt ſyllogiſm. I think I
'have gravelled you now; I think I have done for you;
'I think I have demoliſhed you, doctor.'

'Not at all, Madam,' ſaid Kildarby; 'really, as to
'that matter, that is neither here nor there. Opinions,
'Madam, vague irregular opinions, will ſpring up and
'float in people's brains; but we were talking of the
'dictates of ſenſe and reaſon. Savages, Madam, will
'be ſavage; but Indians have nothing to do with Eu-
'ropeans. The reply to what your ladyſhip has ad-
'vanced would be eaſy and obvious: but really I muſt
'beg to be excuſed; my profeſſion does not oblige me
'to a knowledge of ſuch ſubjects; I came here to pre-
'ſcribe as a phyſician, and not to diſcuſs topics of the-
'ology. Come, brother, I believe we only interrupt
'their ladyſhips, and I am obliged to call upon my
'Lord——, and Sir William——, and Lady Betty,
'and many other people of quality this morning.' Dr. Rhubarb declared that he likewiſe had as many viſits to make that morning: whereupon, taking their leaves and their fees, the two gentlemen retired with great precipitation, leaving her ladyſhip in poſſeſſion of the field of battle; who immediately reported all over the town that ſhe had out-reaſoned two phyſicians, and obliged them by dint of argument to confeſs that the ſoul is not immortal.

And now begging the reader's pardon for this digreſſion, let us return to our hero, who I am afraid is going to ſuffer a great revolution in his life. CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Various and ſundry matters.

LADY Tempeſt had been walking one morning in St. James's Park, with her little favourite, as uſual, attending her; for ſhe never went abroad without taking him in her arms. Here ſhe ſet him down on his legs, to play with ſome other dogs of quality, that were taking the air that morning in the Mall; giving him ſtrict orders, however, not to preſume to ſtray out of her ſight. Yet, in ſpite of this injunction, ſomething or other tempted his curioſity beyond the limits of the Mall: and there, while he was rolling and indulging himſelf on the green-graſs, (a pleaſure by novelty rendered more agreeable to him) it was his misfortune to ſpring a bird; which he purſued with ſuch eagerneſs and alacrity, that he was quite out of ſight before he thought proper to give over the chaſe. His miſtreſs, in the mean while, was engaged in ſo warm and intereſting a diſpute on the price of ſilk, that ſhe never miſſed her favourite; nay, what is ſtill more extraordinary, ſhe got into her coach and drove home, without once beſtowing a thought upon him. But the moment ſhe arrived in her dining-room, and caſt her eyes on the reſt of her four-footed friends, her guilt immediately flew in her face, and ſhe cried out with a ſcream—'As I am alive, 'I have left little Pompey behind me!'

Then ſummoning up two of her ſervants, ſhe commanded them to go directly and ſearch every corner of the park with the greateſt diligence, proteſting ſhe ſhould never have any peace of mind till her favourite was reſtored to her arms. Many times ſhe rang her bell to know if her ſervants were returned, before it was poſſible for them to have got thither: but at length the fatal meſſenger arrived, that Pompey was no where to be found. And indeed it would have been next to a miracle if he had; for theſe faithful ambaſſadors had never once ſtirred from the kitchen-fire, where, together with the reſt of the ſervants, they had been laughing at the folly of their miſtreſs. And the reaſon why they denied

their return ſooner was, becauſe they imagined a ſufficient time had not then elapſed to give a probability to that lie which they were determined to tell. Yet this did not ſatisfy their lady; ſhe ſent them a ſecond time to repeat their ſearch, and a ſecond time they returned with the ſame anſwer. At this again the reader is deſired not to wonder; for though her ladyſhip ſaw them out of the houſe herſelf, and ordered them to bring back her favourite under pain of diſmiſſion, the fartheſt of their travels was only to an alehouſe at the corner of the ſtreet; where they had been entertaining a large circle of their party-coloured brethren with much ribaldry at the expence of their miſtreſs.

Tenderneſs to this lady's character makes me paſs over much of the ſorrow ſhe vented on this occaſion; but I cannot help relating, that ſhe immediately diſpatched cards to all her acquaintance, to put off a drum which was to have been held at her houſe that evening; giving as a reaſon, that ſhe had loſt her darling lap-dog, and could not ſee company. She continued to adverti ſe him in all the newſpapers for a month together, with increaſe of the reward as the caſe grew more deſperate: yet neither all the enquiries ſhe made, nor all the rewards ſhe offered, ever reſtored little Pompey to her arms. We muſt leave her, therefore, to receive the conſolations of her friends on this afflicting loſs, and return to examine after our hero.

He had been purſuing a bird, as was before deſcribed; and when his diverſion was over, galloped back to the Mall, not in the leaſt doubting to find his lady there at his return. But, alas, how great was his diſappointment! He ran up and down, ſmelling to every petticoat he met, and ſtaring up in every female face; yet neither his eyes or noſe gave him the information he deſired. Seven times he courſed from Buckingham Houſe to the Horſe Guards, and back again; but all in vain: at length tired, diſconſolate, and full of deſpair, he ſat himſelf down under a tree, and there turning his head aſide in a thoughtful attitude, abandoned himſelf to much

mournful

mournful meditation. In this evil plight, while he was ruminating on his fate, and, like many other people in the park, unable to divine where he ſhould get a dinner, he was ſpied by a little girl about ſeven years old, who was walking by her mother's ſide in the Mall. She no ſooner perceived him, than ſhe cried out—'La, mamma, there's 'a pretty dog!' and then applied herſelf with much tenderneſs to ſolicit him to her. The wretched are always glad to find a friend; and our little unfortunate no ſooner ſaw one courting him to her, than immediately breaking off his meditations, he ran haſtily up, and ſaluting her eagerly with his fore-paws, gave ſo many dumb expreſſions of joy, that ſpeech itſelf could hardly have been more eloquent. The young lady, on her ſide, charmed with his ready compliance, ſnatched him up in her arms, and kiſſed him with great delight; then turning again to her mother, and aſking her if ſhe did not think him a lovely creature—'I wonder,' ſaid ſhe, 'whoſe dog it 'is, mamma! I have a good mind to take him home 'with me; ſhall I, mamma? Shall I take him home 'with me, mamma?' To this alſo her mother conſented; and when they had taken two or three more turns, they retired to their coach, and Pompey was conducted to his new lodgings.

As ſoon as they alighted at home, little miſs ran haſtily up ſtairs, to ſhew her brother and ſiſters the prize ſhe had found; and he was handed about from one to the other, with great delight and admiration of his beauty. Then he was introduced to all their favourites, which were, a dormouſe, two kittens, a ſquirrel, a parrot, and a magpye. To theſe he was preſented with many childiſh ceremonies, and a thouſand little follies, which make up the happineſs of this happieſt age. The parrot was to make a ſpeech to him, the ſquirrel to treat him with ſome nuts, the kittens to dance for his diverſion, the magpye to tell his fortune; and all were enjoined to contribute ſomething to the entertainment of the little ſtranger in his new apartments: and it is inconceivable how buſy they were in the execution of theſe trifles, with all

their

their ſpirits in a hurry, and their whole ſouls laid out upon them.

One would have imagined, after the extraordinary tenderneſs with which our hero had been treated by Lady Tempeſt, he muſt have felt great regret and concern at the loſs of her; but I am ſorry to ſay it, he had no ſooner dined, and felt himſelf ſnug in a new apartment, than he entirely forgot his former miſtreſs. Here I know not how to excuſe his behaviour. Had he been a man, one ſhould not have wondered to find him guilty of ingratitude; a vice deeply rooted in the nature of that wicked animal: but that a dog, a creature famous for fidelity, ſhould ſo ſoon forget his former friend and benefactreſs, is, I confeſs, quite unaccountable; and I would willingly draw a veil over this part of his conduct, if the veracity of an hiſtorian did not oblige me to relate it.

CHAP. IX.

What the reader will know if he reads it.

THE father of this little brood, who are now in poſſeſſion of our hero, was Captain Vincent of the Guards, a gentleman whoſe character will coſt us no long deſcription.

Captain Vincent of the Guards was an exceeding handſome man, about thirty years old, tall, and well-proportioned in his limbs; but ſo entirely devoted to the contemplation of his own pretty perſon, that he never detached his thoughts one moment from the conſideration of it. Conſcious of being a favourite of the ladies, among whom he was received always with eyes of affection, he thought the charms of his figure irreſiſtible wherever he came, and ſeemed to ſhew himſelf in all public places as an object of public admiration. You ſaw for ever in his looks a ſmile of aſſurance, complacency, and ſelf-applauſe: he appeared always to be wondering at his own accompliſhments, and eſpecially when he made a ſurvey now and then of his dreſs and limbs, it was as much as to ſay to his company—'Gentlemen 'and ladies, look on me, if you can, without admira-'tion.' The reputation of two or three affairs which

Fame

Fame had given him with women of faſhion, ſtill contributed to increaſe his vanity, and authorized him, as he thought, to beſtow more time and pains on the beautifying and adorning ſo ſucceſsful a figure. In ſhort, after many real or pretended amours, which made him inſufferably vain, he married at laſt a celebrated town-beauty, a woman of quality, who was in all reſpects equal to, and worthy of, ſuch a huſband.

Lady Betty Vincent, the wife of this gentleman, was one of thoſe haughty nymphs of quality who preſume ſo much on the merit of a title, that they never trouble themſelves to acquire any other. She was proud, expenſive, inſolent, and unmannerly, to her inferiors; vain of her rank, and ſtill vainer of her perſon; full of extravagant airs; and though exceedingly ſilly, conceited of an imaginary wit and ſmartneſs. As ſhe ſet out in life with a full perſuaſion that her prodigious beauty, merit, and accompliſhments, muſt ſoon procure her the title of 'Her grace,' ſhe rejected ſeveral advantageous matches that offered, becauſe they did not in all points come up to the height of her ambition. At length, finding her charms begin to decay, in a fit of luſt, diſappointed pride, and oppoſition to her mother, with whom ſhe had then a quarrel, ſhe patched up a marriage with Captain Vincent of the Guards, contrary to the advice and remonſtrances of all her friends and relations.

As the captain had no revenue beſide the income of his commiſſion, and her ladyſhip's fortune did not exceed ſeven thouſand pounds, it may be concluded, when the honey-moon of love was over, this agreeable couple did not find the matrimonial fetters ſit perfectly eaſy upon them. To retrench in any article, they found it impoſſible; to retire into the country, ſtill more impoſſible; that was horror, death, and deſpair; her ladyſhip could not hear of ſuch a thing with patience; ſhe was ready to ſwoon at the mention of it: and, indeed, the captain, who was equally attached to London, never made the propoſal in earneſt.

What, then, could they do in theſe embarraſſing circumſtances;

cumſtances? Why, they took a little houſe in Hedge Lane, near the bottom of the Hay Market, which, being in the centre of public diverſions, ſerved to keep them a little in countenance; and there they ſupported their ſpirits, as well as they could, with reflecting that they ſtill lived in the world, though their apartments were not ſo commodious as they could wiſh.

Fettered pride is ſure to turn into peeviſhneſs, and ſpleen is the daughter of mortified vanity. Finding themſelves cramped with want, they grew uneaſy, diſcontented, jealous of each other's extravagance, and were ſcarce ever alone without reproaching one another on the article of expence. The lady pouted at the captain for going to White's and the captain recriminated on his wife for playing at brag; and then followed a long contention which of them ſpent the moſt money.

To complete their misfortunes, her ladyſhip took to breeding, which introduced a thouſand new expences; and they muſt abſolutely have ſtarved in the midſt of pride and vanity, had they not been ſeaſonably relieved now and then by ſome handſome preſents from Lady Betty's mother, my old Lady Harridan, who was ſtill alive, and in poſſeſſion of a conſiderable jointure.

The devotion which the captain paid to his beautiful figure has already been deſcribed; nor was her ladyſhip one jot behind him in idolizing and adorning her own charms. She prided herſelf in a more particular manner on the lovely bloom and charming delicacy of her complexion, which had procured her the envy of one ſex, and the admiration of the other; though, perhaps, if her enviers and admirers had known the following little ſtory, both theſe paſſions would have conſiderably abated in them.

It was our hero's cuſtom, whenever he came into a new family, to gratify his curioſity, as ſoon as poſſible, with a general ſurvey of the houſe. On his arrival, here, his little owners were ſo fond of him the firſt day, that they lugged him about in their arms, and never permitted him to ſtay one moment out of their ſights; but being

being left more at his own liberty the next morning, he thought it was then a convenient time for making his tour. After examining all the rooms above ground, he deſcended intrepidly into the kitchen, and began to look about ſharp for a breakfaſt; for, to ſay the truth, he had hitherto met with very thin commons in his new apartment. At laſt, a blue and white diſh, which ſtood on the dreſſer, preſented itſelf to his eye. This immediately he determined to be a lawful prey; and perceiving nobody preſent to interrupt him, boldly made a ſpring at it: but happening unluckily to leap againſt the diſh, down it came, and its contents ran about the kitchen. Scarce had this happened, when my lady's maid appeared below ſtairs, and began to ſcream out in a very ſhrill accent—'Why, who has done this now? I'll be 'whipped if this owdacious little dog has not been and 'thrown down my lady's backſide's breakfaſt!' After which ſhe fell very ſeverely on the cook, who now entered the kitchen, and began to reprimand her in a very authoritative tone, for not taking more care of her dreſſers: 'But let the 'pothecary,' added ſhe, 'come and 'mix up his naſtineſs himſelf and he will; for, deuce 'fetch me if I'll wait on her ladyſhip's backſide in this 'manner! If ſhe will have her clyſters, let the clyſter-'pipe doctor come and miniſter them himſelf, and not 'put me to her filthy offices.—O Lord, bleſs us! Well, 'rather than be at all this pains for a complexion, I'd 'be as brown as a berry all my life time! The fineſt 'flowers, I have heard ſay, are raiſed from dung; and, 'perhaps it may be ſo: I am ſure 'tis ſo in our houſe; 'for my lady takes phyſic twice a week, and treats her 'backſide with a clyſter once a fortnight, and all this to 'preſerve a complexion!'

While the waiting-gentlewoman was haranguing thus at the expence of her miſtreſs, the captain's valet alſo came into the kitchen; and hearing his fellow-ſervant very loud and vociferous, inquired what was the matter. 'Matter!' cried ſhe, 'matter enough o'conſcience! 'Don't you ſee there? This plaguy little devil of a dog

'has

'has been and flung down my lady's backside's break-
'fast!'—'Bless us, a prodigious disaster indeed!' re-
plied the valet. 'Why, what shall we do now, Mrs.
'Minikin? I am afraid your ladyship's complexion will
'want its bloom to-day!'—'Hang her complexion!'
said Abigail; 'I wish her complexion was at the bottom
'of her own close-stool! She need be so generous to her
'backside indeed! I am sure she is not so over-and-above
'generous to her servants, and her trades-folks!'—
'True,' cried the valet: 'if she would treat us with a
'breakfast now and then, as well as her backside, me-
'thinks it would not be amiss; for, deuce take me, if
'ever I saw such house-keeping in any family that ever
'I lived in, in my days! They dress plaguy fine both
'of 'em, and cut a figure abroad, while their servants
'are starving at home.'—'Yes, yes,' said Mrs Mini-
kin, 'tis all shew, and no substance, at our house!
'There's your pretty master, the captain, has been
'smugging up his pretty face, and cleaning his teeth,
'for this hour, before the looking-glass, this morning!
'I wonder he does not clyster for a complexion too!
'Though, thank Heaven! he's coxcomb enough al-
'ready, and wants no addition to his pride; he seems
'to think no woman can look him in the face without
'falling in love with him, with his black solitaire, and
'his white teeth; and his frizzled hair, and his fop-
'peries! O Lord, have mercy upon us! Well, every one
'to their liking: but hang me, if I would not marry a
'monkey as soon as such a powdered scaramouch, were
'I a woman of quality!—Get out, you little nasty de-
'vil of a dog! Hang me if I won't brain you, and let
'the little vixens your mistresses say what they please!'

Having said this, she set out, full of rage, in pursuit of poor Pompey, who took to his heels with great precipitation, and fled for his life; but not being nimble enough, he was overtaken, and smarted severely for the trespass he had committed. To say the truth, he soon began to find himself very unhappily situated in this family; for wretched are all those animals that become

the

the favourites of children. At firſt, indeed, he ſuffered only the barbarity of their kindneſs, and was perſecuted with no other cruelties than what aroſe from their extravagant love of him: but when the date of his favour began to expire, (and it did not continue long) he was then taught to feel how much ſeverer their hatred could be than their fondneſs. He had, indeed, from the firſt, two or three dreadful preſages of what might happen to him; for he had ſeen with his own eyes the two kittens, his play-fellows, drowned for ſome miſdemeanor they had been guilty of; and the magpye's head chopped off with the greateſt paſſion, for daring to peck a piece of plumb-cake that lay in the window without permiſſion; which inſtances of cruelty were ſufficient to warn him, if he had any foreſight, of what might afterwards happen to himſelf.

But he was not left long to entertain himſelf with conjectures, before he felt in perſon and in reality the miſchievous diſpoſition of theſe little tyrants. Sometimes they took it into their heads that he was full of fleas; and then he was ſouſed into a tub of water till he was almoſt dead, in order to kill the vermin that inhabited the hair of his body. At other times, he was ſet on his hinder-legs with a book before his eyes, and ordered to read his leſſon; which not being able to perform, they whipped him till he howled, and then chaſtiſed him the more for daring to be ſenſible of pain.

Much of this treatment did he undergo, often wiſhing himſelf reſtored to the arms of Lady Tempeſt; when Fortune, taking pity of his calamities, once more reſolved to change his lodgings, and delivered him from this houſe of inquiſition.

CHAP. X.

A matrimonial diſpute.

LADY Betty Vincent had a mother ſtill living, as we hinted in the preceding chapter; who, having worn out her life in vanity, cards, and all ſorts of luxury, was now turned methodiſt at ſeventy, and thought,

by preſenting Heaven with the dregs of her age, to atone for all the riot and laſciviouſneſs of her youth. For this purpoſe, ſhe had renounced all public diverſions, put herſelf under the tuition of the two great field preaching apoſtles, and was become one of the warmeſt votaries of that prevailing ſect.

But, beſides the ſelf-mortification ſhe was pleaſed to undergo, her ladyſhip had likewiſe an additional ſtratagem to procure her pardon above, which ſhe thought impoſſible to fail her; and this was to take her eldeſt grand-daughter out of the temptations of a wicked, ſeducing age, into her own family, and breed her up a methodiſt: the merit of which laudable action, ſhe hoped, would compenſate all her own miſcarriages, and effectually reſtore her to the divine favour.

Having thus laid the ſcheme of compounding matters with Heaven, and making the virtues of the grand-daughter balance, as it were, and ſet off the ſins of the grand-mother, ſhe now thought only of putting it in execution. In the firſt place ſhe communicated her deſign to the two apoſtles; and the moment ſhe was aſſured of their approbation, ſhe diſpatched a meſſage to her daughter, deſiring an hour's converſation with her the firſt time ſhe was at leiſure.

Lady Betty, who had great dependance on her mother, did not fail to anſwer the ſummons, and was with her very early the next morning; ſo very early, that the clock had but juſt ſtruck one; which, ſhe ſaid, was an inſtance of her uncommon filial obedience. It may be imagined the two ladies ſoon came to an agreement: Lady Betty being as glad to get rid of a charge, as Lady Harridan to acquire a companion, which ſhe repreſented as the motive that induced her to take her grand-daughter into her family.

Matters being thus ſettled, Lady Betty returned home to dinner; where ſhe obſerved a ſullen ſilence till the cloth was removed, and the ſervants were carrying away the laſt things. Then it was that ſhe pleaſed to open her mouth, and bade one of the footmen tell Minikin

nikin to get Sally's cloaths and linen packed up againſt the evening. There happened at this time to be a miff ſubſiſting between her ladyſhip and the captain, and they had glouted at one another for ſeveral days without exchanging a word. She did not, therefore, vouchſafe to aſk her huſband's conſent in the ſtep ſhe was taking, nor even to inform him of it in direct terms, but left him to extract it as well as he could from this oblique meſſage, which ſhe ſent to her maid. The captain, who ſaw plainly that ſome myſtery was contained under theſe orders, had at firſt a mind to be revenged by affecting not to hear them; but curioſity prevailing over his reſentment, he ſubmitted at length to aſk whither his daughter was going.

'Why, if you will ſpend all your life at White's, and 'ſpend all your money in play,' replied the lady, with an air of diſdain, 'I muſt diſpoſe of my children as 'well as I can, I think.'

'But what connection is there in the name of God,' ſaid the captain, 'between my playing at White's and 'your packing up your daughter's cloaths? Unleſs, 'perhaps, you are going to ſend your daughter to the 'Foundling Hoſpital.'

'Yes, perhaps I am,' cries ſhe, with a toſs of her head: 'if one can't maintain one's children at home, 'they muſt e'en come upon the pariſh, and there's an 'end of it.'

Still the captain remained unenlightened; not a ray of information tranſpired through theſe dark ſpeeches; and, indeed, there ſeemed to be no likelihood of an eclairciſſement; for in this manner they continued to play at croſs purpoſes with one another for ſeveral minutes. At laſt, his patience being utterly exhauſted, he inſiſted very earneſtly, and ſomewhat angrily, to know what was going to be done with his daughter.—'Why, mamma has a mind to take the girl to live 'with her, if you muſt know,' replied her ladyſhip; 'and that is going to be done with your daughter.—'If you will get children, without being able to main-

'tain them, you may be thankful, methinks, to find 'there is ſomebody in the world that will take them off 'your hands.'—'Oh, Madam!' cries the captain, 'as 'to the article of begetting children, I apprehend your 'ladyſhip to be full as guilty as I am; and therefore 'that is out of the queſtion. But as to your mamma's 'taking them off our hands, devil take me if I am 'not exceedingly obliged to her for it. Your mamma 'is welcome to take them all, if ſhe pleaſes. I only 'wanted to know what was going to be done with the 'girl, and now I am moſt perfectly ſatisfied:' which he uttered with the moſt taunting pronunciation in the world.

There is nothing ſo exceedingly provoking as a ſneer to people enraged and enflamed with pride. The captain perceived the effect it had; and reſolving to purſue his triumph—'My dear,' added he, 'to be ſure the 'prudent care you are taking to provide for your chil-'dren is highly commendable: but I am afraid your 'mamma will debauch the girl with religion: ſhe'll 'teach her, perhaps, to whine and cant, and ſay her 'prayers under the godly Mr. Whitfield.'

Lady Betty had never in her life ſhewn the leaſt regard for her mother: ſhe had married in direct oppoſition to her will, and partly out of revenge, becauſe ſhe happened at that time to have a quarrel with her, and knew her diſinclination to the match; but now, ſo much was ſhe galled with the captain's raillery, that ſhe gladly ſeized on any thing which offered as a handle of reproach. With rage, therefore, ſparkling in her eyes, and indignation glowing all over her face, ſhe cried out —'How dare you ridicule my mamma? If mamma 'has a mind to be an old doating idiot, and change her 'religion, does it become you, of all people, to re-'proach her with it? You have the greateſt obliga-'tions to her, Sir; and you may be aſhamed to give 'yourſelf ſuch airs. You ridicule my mamma! you, 'of all people in the world! 'Twould have been well 'for me, I am ſure, if I had taken mamma's advice,

'and

'and never had you; for, you know, you brought 'nothing but your little beggarly commiſſion; and 'what is the income of a little beggarly commiſſion? 'Tis not ſufficient to furniſh one's pin-cuſhion with 'pins. And who, pray, was you, when I had you? 'You know you was no blood or family; and yet you 'pretend to ridicule my mamma!—You of all people! 'you! If it was not for mamma now, you would ſtarve '—you and all your brats would ſtarve with want!'

When a diſpute is grown to the higheſt, eſpecially if it be a matrimonial one, all ſober argument and cool reply are nothing better than words ſpoken againſt the wind. The judicious captain, therefore, inſtead of anſwering this invective of his ſpouſe, very wiſely, in my opinion, fell a ſinging; which ſo exaſperated the fair lady, and ſo utterly overſet her patience, that ſhe ſtarted from her chair, ſwept down two or three bottles and glaſſes with her hoop petticoat, flounced out of the room, and ruſhed up ſtairs, ready to burſt with ſpite and indignation.

All the while this diſpute was paſſing in the parlour, our hero was the ſubject of as fierce a one among his little owners, or rather tormentors, in another room: for as the eldeſt girl was going into a different family, it was neceſſary they ſhould make a ſeparation of their play-things; and our hero being incapable of diviſion, unleſs they had carved him out into ſhares, a warm debate aroſe concerning him, both ſides obſtinately refuſing to wave their pretenſions. This, perhaps, may ſeem a little wonderful to the reader, who has been informed that they were all long ago grown tired of him: but let him conſider the tempers of this little family, begotten in ſpleen, peeviſhneſs, and pride, and I believe he will not think it unnatural, after the recent example he has ſeen of their parents, that a ſpirit of oppoſition ſhould make them contend with the greateſt vehemence for a matter of the moſt abſolute indifference to them. This was in reality the cauſe of their contention; and they would ſoon have gone toge-

ther by the ears, had not their mamma appeared to decide the queſtion in favour of her eldeſt girl, whoſe claim, ſhe ſaid, was indiſputable, from the circumſtance of her finding him in the Park.

Lady Betty was hardly yet recovered from her paſſion; but being now told that Lady Harridan's coach was waiting for her at the door, ſhe compoſed her face as well as ſhe could, and mounted into it, attended by her daughter and the hero of this hiſtory.

CHAP. XI.

A ſtroke at the Methodiſts.

THEY arrived at Lady Harridan's about ſeven o'clock in the evening, and were immediately conducted up ſtairs into her ladyſhip's dining-room, where they found a large company of women aſſembled. On the firſt ſight of ſo many ladies, I believe, our hero concluded he was got into ſome route or drum, ſuch as he had often ſeen at Lady Tempeſt's; yet, on the other hand, he knew not well how to reconcile many appearances with ſuch a ſuppoſition. He ſaw no cards, he heard no laughing: the ſolemn faces of the ſervants, who now and then appeared; the ſober looks of the company; every thing ſeemed to inform him, that pleaſure never could be the cauſe of this aſſembly. It was, indeed, a ſiſterhood of the godly, met together to bewail the vanities of human life, and congratulate one another on their common good-luck, in breaking away from the enchantments of a ſinful world.

The cauſes which had converted them to methodiſm were almoſt as various as the ſeveral characters of the converts. Some, the ill ſucceſs of their charms had driven to deſpair; others, a conſciouſneſs of too great ſucceſs had touched with repentance; and both theſe terminated in ſuperſtitious melancholy. Diſappointed love and criminal amour, though oppoſite in nature, here wrought the ſame effects. Thunder and lightning, ill-omened dreams, earthquakes, vapours, ſmall pox, all had their converts in this religious collection: but

far the moſt part of them, like the noble preſident, were women fatigued and worn out in the vanities of life, the battered and ſuperannuated jades of pleaſure, who, being grown ſick of themſelves, and weary of the world, were now fled to methodiſm, merely as the neweſt ſort of folly that had lately been invented.

' -----Species non omnibus una,
' Nec diverſa tamen; qualem d cet eſſe ſororum.'

The appearance of Lady Betty, in ſuch a company as this, was like a waſp's invading a neſt of drones: ſhe was too ſpirited, too much dreſſed, too worldly, to be agreeable to them; and they, in return, gave as little pleaſure to her. In ſhort, ſhe very ſoon found herſelf out of her element; and, after ſitting a few minutes only, roſe up, and began to make her departing curtſeys.

' Why, ſure, you are not going, Lady Betty?' cried the mother. ' I preſumed upon your ſtaying the even-
' ing with us.'

' No, thank you,' replied the daughter; ' another
' time, if you pleaſe, mamma: but you ſeem to be all
' too religious abundantly for me at preſent! I can't af-
' ford to ſay my prayers above once a week, mamma:
' and 'tis not Sunday to-day, according to my calcu-
' lation.'

' For ſhame!—for ſhame, my dear!—don't indulge
' ſuch levity of diſcourſe!' ſaid Lady Harridan. ' Let
' me prevail on you to ſtay, Lady Betty; and I am
' ſure we ſhall make a convert of you. There's that
' tranquillity, my dear, that compoſure, that ſerenity
' of mind, attending methodiſm, that, I am ſure, no
' perſon, who judges fairly, can refuſe to embrace it!
' Pleaſure, my dear, is all vanity and folly, an unquiet,
' empty, tranſient deluſion! Believe me, child, I have
' experienced it; I have proved the vanity of it; and,
' depend upon't, ſooner or later, you will come to the
' ſame way of thinking.'

' Very likely I may,' replied Lady Betty: ' but
' you'll

'you'll give me leave to grow a little wickeder firſt, 'won't you, mamma? I have not ſins enough at pre-'ſent; I am not quite wicked enough as yet to turn 'methodiſt.'

'Fie! fie! don't encourage that licentiouſneſs of 'converſation!' cries the old lady. 'You ſhock me, 'my dear, beyond meaſure; you make my blood run 'cold again to hear you! But let me beſeech you to 'ſtay; and you'll have the pleaſure of hearing the dear 'Whitfield talk on this ſubject; we expect him every 'minute.'

'Do you?' ſays Lady Betty; 'then upon my ho-'nour, I'll hie me away this moment; for I'll promiſe 'you, mamma, I have not the leaſt deſire or curioſity 'to hear the dear Whitfield: and ſo your ſervant—la-'dies, your ſervant!' Having ſaid this, ſhe bruſhed down ſtairs, and left the company aſtoniſhed at her profaneneſs.

As Lady Betty went out, the dear Whitfield and his brother apoſtle entered, who were the only people wanting to complete this religious collection. On their appearance the myſteries began, and they all fell to lamenting the wickedneſs of their former lives. The great guilt of loving cards, the exceeding ſinfulneſs of having been fond of dancing in their youthful days, were enumerated as ſins of the moſt atrocious quality; whilſt other crimes, of a nature perhaps not inferior to theſe, were very prudently kept out of ſight. Then Mr. Whitfield began to preach the hiſtory of his life, and related the many combats and deſperate encounters he had had with the devil: how Satan had confined him to his chamber once at college, and permitted him not to eat for ſeveral days together; with ten thouſand other malicious pranks played by the prince of darkneſs on the body of that unfortunate adventurer, if we may believe his own journals. He proceeded, in the next place, to deſcribe the many miracles which Heaven had wrought in his favour; how it ceaſed to rain once, and the ſun broke out on a ſudden, juſt as he was beginning to preach on Kennington Common;

Common; with a million more equally ſtupendous prodigies, which ſhew how great an intereſt Heaven takes in all the actions of that religious mountebank. When the company had enjoyed enough of this ſpiritual and ſuſpirious converſation, they proceeded, in the laſt place, to ſinging pſalms; and this concluded the ſuperſtition of the evening.

All the former part of the time, our hero ſat very compoſed and quietly before the fire; but when they began to chant their hymns, ſurpriſed and aſtoniſhed with the novelty of this proceeding, he fell to howling with the moſt ſonorous accent, and in a key much higher than any of the ſcreaming ſiſters. Nor was this all; for preſently afterwards, Mr. Wh——d attempting to ſtroke him, he ſnarled, and bit his finger: which being the ſelf-ſame indignity that Lucian formerly offered to the hand of a ſimilar impoſtor, we thought it not beneath the dignity of this hiſtory to relate it. To ſay the truth, I believe he had taken ſome diſguſt to that exceeding pious gentleman; for, beſides theſe two inſtances of ill-behaviour, he was guilty of a much greater rudeneſs the next day to his works.

Lady Harridan, as ſoon as ſhe aroſe the next morning, ſent for her little grand-daughter immediately into her cloſet, and made her repeat ſome long methodiſtical prayers; after which, ſhe heard her read ſeveral pages out of the apoſtle's journal, and then they went to breakfaſt; but, by miſtake, left poor Pompey ſhut up in the cloſet. The little priſoner ſcratched very impatiently to be releaſed, and made various attempts to open the door; but not having the good fortune to ſucceed, he leaped upon the table, and wantonly did his occaſions on the field-preacher's memoirs, which lay open upon it. Whether this was done to expreſs his contempt of the book, or merely from an incapacity of ſuppreſſing his needs, is hardly poſſible for us to determine; though we are ſenſible how much it would exalt him in the reader's eſteem, to aſcribe it to the former motives: and, indeed, it muſt be confeſſed, that his

chuſing

chuſing to drop his ſuperfluities on ſo particular a ſpot, may very well countenance ſuch a ſuſpicion; but, unleſs we had the talents of Æſop to interpret the ſentiments of brutes, it will for ever be impoſſible to come at the truth of this important affair.

However that be, Lady Harridan unfortunately returned to her cloſet ſoon afterwards, and ſaw the crime he had been guilty of. Rage and indignation ſparkled in her eyes; ſhe rang her bell inſtantly with the greateſt fury; and, on the appearance of a footman, ordered him immediately to be hanged. His young miſtreſs, whoſe love for him had long ſince cooled, and who, beſides, feared her grand-mamma's reſentment, did not think proper to oppoſe the ſentence. He was had away, therefore, that moment, to execution; which, I dare ſay, courteous reader, thou art extremely glad to hear, as it would put a period to his hiſtory, and prevent thee from miſpending any more of thy precious time. But, alas! thy hopes are vain; thy labours are not yet at an end. The footman, who happened to have ſome few grains of compaſſion in his nature, inſtead of obeying his lady's orders, ſold him that day for a pint of porter to an ale-houſe-keeper's daughter in Tyburn Road. Here, then, gentle friend, if thou art tired, let me adviſe thee to deſiſt, and fall aſleep; or, if perchance thy ſpirits are freſh, and thou doſt not yet begin to yawn, proceed on courageouſly, and thou wilt, in good time, arrive at the end of thy journey.

CHAP. XII.

The hiſtory of a modiſh marriage.—The deſcription of a coffee-houſe,—and a very grave political debate on the good of the nation.

POMPEY was ſold as we have juſt obſerved, to an ale-houſe-keeper's daughter, for the valuable conſideration of a pint of porter. This amiable young lady was then on the point of marriage with a hackney-coachman, and ſoon afterwards the nuptials were conſummated to the great joy of the two ancient families, who were by this means ſure of not being extinct. As ſoon as the ceremony was

over

over at the Fleet, the new-married couple ſet out to celebrate their wedding at the Old Blue Boar in Tyburn Road, and the bride was conducted home at night dead drunk to her new apartments in a garret in Smithfield.

This faſhionable pair had ſcarce been married three days before they began to quarrel on a very faſhionable ſubject. For the civil well-bred huſband coming home one night from his ſtation, and expecting the cow-heels to have been ready for his ſupper, found his lodgings empty, and his darling ſpouſe abroad. At about eleven o'clock ſhe came flouncing into the room, and telling him, with great *gaieté de cœur*, that ſhe had been at the play, began to deſcribe the ſeveral ſcenes of Hamlet Prince of Denmark. Judge if this was not provocation too great for a hackney-coachman's temper. He fell to exerciſing his whip in a moſt outrageous manner, and ſhe applying herſelf no leſs readily to more deſperate weapons, a moſt bloody fray enſued between them; in which the coachman had like to have been ſtabbed with a penknife, and his fair ſpouſe was obliged to keep her bed near a month with the bruiſes ſhe received in this horrid rencounter.

Pompey now moſt ſenſibly felt the ill effects of his former luxury, which ſerved only to aggravate the miſeries of his preſent condition. The coarſe fair he met with in roofleſs garrets, or cellars under ground, were but indelicate morſels to one who had formerly lived on ragouts and fricaſſees; and he found it very difficult to ſleep on hard and naked floors, who had been uſed to have his limbs cuſhioned upon ſophas and couches. But luckily for him, his favour with his miſtreſs procured him the hatred of his maſter, who ſold him a ſecond time to a nymph of Billingſgate for a pennyworth of oyſters.

His ſituation indeed was not mended for the preſent by this means, but it put him in a way to be releaſed the ſooner from a courſe of life ſo ill-ſuited to his conſtitution or his temper. For this delicate fiſherwoman, as ſhe went her rounds, carried him one evening to a certain coffee-houſe near the Temple, where the lady behind the bar was immediately ſtruck with his beauty, and with

no

no great difficulty prevailed on the gentle water-nymph to ſurrender him for a dram of brandy.

His fortunes now began to wear a little better aſpect, and he ſpent his time here agreeably enough in liſtening to the converſations and diſputes that aroſe in the coffee-room among people of all denominations; for here aſſembled wits, critics, templars, politicians, poets, country ſquires, grave tradeſmen, and ſapient phyſicians.

The little conſiſtories of wit claimed his firſt attention, being a dog of a natural turn for humour, and he took a pleaſure to hear young templars criticiſe the works of Shakeſpear, call Mr. Garrick to account every evening for his action, extol the beauty of actreſſes, and reputation of whores.

When he was tired of the clubs of humour, he would betake himſelf to another table, and liſten to a junto of politicians, who uſed to aſſemble here in an evening with the moſt public-ſpirited views; namely to ſettle the affairs of the nation, and point out the errors of the miniſtry. Here he has heard the government arraigned in the moſt abuſive manner, for what the government never performed or thought of; and the loweſt ribaldry of a dirty newſpaper, cried up as the higheſt touches of attic irony. He has heard ſea fights condemned by people who never ſaw the ſea even through a teleſcope; and the general of an army called to account for his diſpoſition of a battle, by men whoſe knowledge of war never reached beyond a cock match.

A curious converſation of this kind paſſed one day in his hearing, which I ſhall beg leave to relate as a little ſpecimen of coffee-houſe oratory. It happened at the end of the late rebellion; and the chief orator of the club began as uſual with aſſerting that the rebellion was promoted by the miniſtry for ſome private ends of their own. 'What was the reaſon,' ſaid he, 'of its being diſbe-'lieved ſo long? Why was our army abſented at ſuch a 'critical conjuncture? I ſhould be glad to hear any man 'anſwer me theſe queſtions. They may think perhaps 'they are acting all this while in ſecret, and applaud 'themſelves

'themſelves for their cunning; but I believe I know 'more than they would wiſh me to know. Thank God 'I can ſee a little, if I pleaſe to open my eyes. Zounds, 'old Walpole is behind the curtain ſtill, notwithſtanding 'his reſignation, and the old game is playing over again, 'whatever they may pretend. There was a correſpon-'dence between Walpole and Fleury, to my knowledge, 'and they projected between them all the evils that have 'ſince happened to the nation.'

The company all ſeemed to agree with this eloquent gentleman's ſentiments; and one of them ventured to ſay, he believed the army was ſent into Flanders, on purpoſe to be out of the way at the time of the inſurrection. 'Zounds,' ſays the orator, 'I believe you are in the 'right, and the wind blew them over againſt their in-'clinations. Pox! What made What-d'ye-callum's 'army diſperſe as it did? let any body anſwer me that, 'if they are able. Don't you think they had orders 'from above to run away? By G—d I do, if you don't, 'and I believe I could prove it too, if I was to ſet about 'it. Beſides, if they have any deſire of preventing future 'invaſions from France, why don't they ſend out and 'burn all their ſhipping? Why don't they ſend out Ver-'non with a ſtrong fleet, and let him burn all their ſhip-'ping? I warrant him, if he had a proper commiſſion 'in his pocket, he would not leave a harbour or a ſhip 'in France; but they know they don't dare do it for fear 'of diſcoveries; they are in league with the French 'miniſtry; or elſe, dam'me, can any thing be ſo eaſy as 'to take and burn all the ſhipping in France?'

A gentleman, who had hitherto ſat ſilent at the ta-ble, replied, with a ſneer on his countenance—'No, 'Sir, nothing in the world can be ſo eaſy, except talk-'ing about it.' This drew the eyes of the company up-on him, and every one began to wink at his neighbour, when the orator reſumed the diſcourſe in the following manner. 'Talk, Sir! no faith, we are come to that 'paſs, that we don't dare talk now-a-days; things are 'come to ſuch a paſs, that we don't dare open our

'mouths.'—'Sir,' ſaid the gentleman, 'I think you have 'been talking already with great licentiouſneſs; and let 'me add too, with great indecency on a very ſerious 'ſubject.'—'Zounds, Sir,' ſaid the orator, 'may not 'I have the liberty of ſpeaking my mind freely upon 'any ſubject that I pleaſe? why we dont live in France, 'Sir; you forget ſurely. This is England, this is 'honeſt Old England, Sir, and not a Mahometan em-'pire; though God knows how long we ſhall continue 'ſo in the way we are going on; and yet, forſooth, we 'muſt not talk; our mouths are to be ſewed up as well 'as our purſes taken from us. Here we are paying four 'ſhillings in the pound, and yet we muſt not ſpeak our 'minds freely.'—'Sir,' ſaid the gentleman, 'undoubt-'edly you may ſpeak your mind freely; but the laws of 'your country oblige you not to ſpeak treaſon, and the 'laws of good-manners ſhould diſpoſe you to ſpeak with 'decency and reſpect of your governors. You ſay, Sir, 'we are come to that paſs, that we dare not talk. I 'proteſt that is very extraordinary; and if I was called 'upon to anſwer this declaration, I would rather ſay we 'are come to that paſs now-a-days, that we talk with 'more virulence and ill-language than ever. We talk 'upon ſubjects which it is impoſſible we ſhould under-'ſtand, and advance aſſertions which we know to be 'falſe. Bold affirmations againſt the government are 'believed merely from the dint of aſſurance with which 'they are ſpoken, and the idleſt jargon often paſſes for 'the ſoundeſt reaſoning. Give me leave to ſay, you, 'Sir, are a living example of the lenity of that govern-'ment, which you are abuſing for want of lenity, and 'your own practice in the ſtrongeſt manner confutes your 'own aſſertions: but I beg we may call another ſubject.'

Here the orator having nothing more to reply, was reſolved to retire from a place where he could no longer make a figure. Wherefore, flinging down his reckoning, and putting on his hat with great vehemence, he walked away muttering ſurlily to himſelf—'Things 'are come to a fine paſs truly, if people may not

'have

'have the liberty of talking.' The reſt of the company ſeparated ſoon afterwards, all of them harbouring no very favourable opinion of the gentleman, who had taken the courage to ſtand up in defence of the government. Some imagined he was a ſpy, others concluded he was a writer of the gazettes, and the moſt part were contented with only thinking him a fool.

The angry orator was no ſooner got home to his family, and ſeated in his elbow-chair at ſupper, than he began to give vent to the indignation he had been collecting. 'Zounds,' ſaid he, 'I have been called to account for my words to-night. I have been told by a jack-a-napes at the coffee-houſe, that I muſt not ſay what I pleaſe againſt the government. Talk with decency indeed! a fart of decency! Let them act with decency, if they have a mind to ſtop people's mouths. Talk with decency! d—mn 'em all, I'll talk what I pleaſe, and no king or miniſter on earth ſhall control me. Let 'em behead me, if they have a mind, as they did Balmerino, and t'other fellow, that died like a coward. Muſt I be catechized by a little ſycophant that kiſſes the a—e of a miniſter? What is an Engliſhman, that dares not utter his ſentiments freely? Talk with decency! I wiſh I had kicked the raſcal out of the coffee-houſe, and I will if ever I meet him again, d-mme! Pox! we are come to a fine paſs, if every little prating, pragmatical jack-a-napes, is to contradict a true-born Engliſhman.'

While his wife and daughter ſat trembling at the vehemence of his ſpeeches, yet not daring to ſpeak for fear of drawing his rage on themſelves, he began to curſe them for their ſilence; and addreſſing himſelf to his wife, —'Why do'ſt not ſpeak?' cries he: 'what I ſuppoſe, I ſhall have you telling me by-and-by too, that I muſt talk with decency.'—'My dear,' ſaid the wife, with great humility, 'I know nothing at all of the matter.' —'No,' cries he, 'I believe not: but you might know to dreſs a ſupper, though, and be d-mn'd to you— Here's nothing that I can eat according to cuſtom.

'Pox! a man may ſtarve with ſuch a wife at the head 'of his family.'

When the cloth was removed and he was preparing to fill his pipe, unfortunately he could not find his tobacco-ſtopper, which again ſet his choler at work. 'Go up 'ſtairs, Moll!' ſaid he to one of his daughters, 'and 'feel in my old breeches pocket—D-mme, I believe that 'ſcoundrel at the coffee-houſe has robbed me with his 'decency. Why doſt not ſtir, girl? what haſt got the 'cramp in thy toes?'—'Why, papa,' ſaid the girl flippantly, 'I am going as faſt as I can.' Upon which he immediately threw a bottle at her head, and proceeding from invective to blows, he beat his wife, kicked his daughters, ſwore at his ſervants; and, after all this, went reeling up to bed with curſes in his mouth againſt the tyranny of the government.

Nothing can be more common than examples in this way, of people who preſide over their families with the moſt arbitrary brutal ſeverity, and yet are ready on all occaſions to abuſe the government for the ſmalleſt exertion of its power. To ſay the truth, I ſcarce know a man who is not a tyrant in miniature, over the circle of his own dependants; and I have obſerved thoſe in particular to exerciſe the greateſt lordſhip over their inferiors, who are moſt forward to complain of oppreſſion from their ſuperiors. Happy is it for the world, that this coffee-houſe ſtateſman was not born a king, for one may very juſtly apply to him the line of Martial—

'Hei mihi! ſi fueris tu leo, qualis eris?'

CHAP. XIII.

A deſcription of counſellor Tanturian.

BUT among the many people who frequented this coffee-houſe, Pompey was delighted with nobody more than with the perſon of counſellor Tanturian; who uſed to crawl out once a week, to read all the public papers from Monday to Monday, at the moderate price of a penny. His dreſs and character were both ſo extraordinary, as will excuſe a ſhort digreſſion upon them.

He

He ſet out originally with a very humble fortune at the Temple, not without hopes, however, of arriving, ſome time or other, at the chancellor's ſeat; but having tried his abilities once or twice at the bar, to little purpoſe, nature ſoon whiſpered in his ear, that he was never deſigned for an orator. He attended the judges, indeed, after this, through two or three circuits, but finding his gains by no means equivalent to his expences, he thought it moſt prudent to decline the noiſy forum, and content himſelf with giving advice to clients in a chamber. Either his talents here alſo were deficient, or fame had not ſufficiently divulged his merit, but his chamber was ſeldom diſturbed with viſitors, and he had few occaſions to envy the tranquillity of a country life, according to the lawyer in Horace—

Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus,
Sub Galli cantum conſultor ubi oſtia pulſat.

His temper grew ſoured and unſocial by miſcarriages; and the narrowneſs of his fortune obliging him to a ſtrict frugality, he ſoon degenerated into avarice. The ruſt of money is very apt to infect the ſoul; and people whoſe circumſtances condemn them to œconomy, in time grow miſers from very habit. This was the caſe with counſellor Tanturian, who having quite diſcarded the reliſh of pleaſure, and finding his little pittance by that means more than adequate to his expences, reſolved to apply the overplus to the laudable purpoſes of uſury. This noble occupation he had followed a long time, and by it accumulated a ſum of ten thouſand pounds, which his heart would not ſuffer him to enjoy, though he had neither relation or friend to leave it to at his death. He lived almoſt conſtantly alone in a dirty chamber, denying himſelf every comfort of life, and half ſtarved for want of ſuſtenance. Neither love, nor ambition, nor joy, diſturbed his repoſe; his paſſions all centered in money, and he was a kind of ſavage within doors.

The furniture of his perſon was not leſs curious than his character. At home indeed, he wore nothing but a greaſy flannel cap about his head, and a dingy night-gown

a bout his body; but when he went abroad, he arrayed himſelf in a ſuit of black, of full twenty years ſtanding, and very like in colour to what is worn by undertakers at a funeral. His peruke, which had once adorned the head of a judge in the reign of Queen Anne, ſpread copiouſly over his back, and down his ſhoulders. By his ſide hung an aged ſword, long ruſted in its ſcabbard; and his black ſilk ſtockings had been ſo often darned with a different material, that, like Sir John Cutler's, they were now metamorphoſed into black worſted ſtockings.

Such was counſellor Tanturian, who once a week came to read the newſpapers at the coffee-houſe where Pompey lived. A dog of any talents for humour could not help being diverted with his appearance, and our hero found great pleaſure in playing him tricks, in which he was ſecretly encouraged by every body in the coffee-room. At firſt, indeed, he never ſaw him without barking at him, as at a monſter juſt dropped out of the moon; but when time had a little reconciled him to his figure, he entertained the company every time he came with ſome new prank at the counſellor's expence. Once he ran away with his ſpectacles: at another time he laid violent teeth on his ſhirt, which hung out of his breeches, and ſhook it, to the diverſion of all beholders. But what occaſioned more laughter than any thing, was a trick that follows.

Tanturian had been tempted one day, by two old acquaintances, to indulge his genius at a tavern; where he complained highly of the expenſiveneſs of the dinner, though it conſiſted only of a beef-ſteak and two fowls. That nothing might be loſt, he took an opportunity, unobſerved by the company, to ſlip the leg of a pullet into his pocket; intending to carry it home for his ſupper at night. In his way he called at the coffee-houſe, where little Pompey playing about him as uſual, unfortunately happened to ſcent the proviſion in the counſellor's pocket. Tanturian, mean time, was ſo deeply engaged with his newſpaper, that he never attended to the motions of the dog,

dog, who getting ſlily behind him, thruſt his head into the pocket, and boldly ſeizing the ſpoils, diſplayed them in triumph to the ſight of the whole room. The poor counſellor could not ſtand the laugh, but retired home in a melancholy mood, vexed at the diſcovery, and more vexed at the loſs of his ſupper.

But theſe diverſions were ſoon interrupted by a moſt unlucky accident; and our hero, unfortunate as he has hitherto been, is now going to ſuffer a turn of fate more grievous than any he yet has known. Following the maid one evening into the ſtreets, he unluckily miſſed her at the turning of an alley, and happening to take a wrong way, prowled out of his knowledge before he was aware. He wandered about the ſtreets for many hours, in vain endeavouring to explore his way home; in which diſtreſs his memory brought back the cruel chance that had ſeparated him from his beſt miſtreſs Lady Tempeſt, and this reflection aggravated his miſery beyond deſcription. At laſt, a watchman picked him up, and carried him to the watch-houſe, where he ſpent his night in all the agonies of horror and deſpair. For a watch-houſe, as I dare-ſay many of my readers can teſtify from experience, is not the moſt agreeable place of repoſe, either for dogs or men.

CHAP. XIV.

A ſhort chapter, containing all the wit, and all the ſpirit, and all the pleaſure, of modern young gentlemen.

AS he was here abandoning himſelf to lamentation and deſpair, ſome other watchmen brought in two freſh priſoners to bear him company in his confinement, who, I am ſorry to ſay it, were two young lords. They were extremely diſordered, both in their dreſs and underſtanding; for champaigne was not the only enemy they had encountered that evening. One of them had loſt his coat and waiſtcoat: the other his bag and peruke, all but a little circular lock of hair which grew to his forehead, and now hanging over his eyes, added not a little to the drollery of his figure. The

The generous god of the grape had caſt ſuch a miſt over their underſtandings, that they were inſenſible at firſt of the place of honour they were promoted to; but at length one of them a little recovering his wits, cried out—'What the devil place is this; a bawdy-houſe, or 'a preſbyterian meeting-houſe?'—'Neither, Sir,' anſwered a watchman, 'but the round-houſe.'—'O p—x!' ſaid his lordſhip, 'I thought you had been a diſſenting 'parſon, old Grey-beard, and was going to preach 'againſt w—ring; for you muſt know, old fellow, I 'am confoundedly in for it. But what privilege have 'you, Sir, to carry a man of honour to the round-'houſe?'—'Aye,' ſaid the other, 'what right has ſuch 'an old fornicator as thou art to interrupt the pleaſures 'of men of quality? May not a nobleman get drunk 'without being diſturbed by a pack of raſcals in the 'ſtreets?'—'Gentlemen,' anſwered the watch, 'we are 'no raſcals, but ſervants of his Majeſty King George; 'and his majeſty requires us to take up all people that 'commit diſorderly riots in his majeſty's ſtreets.'—'You 'lie, you ſcoundrels!' ſaid one of their lordſhips;' it is 'the prerogative of men of faſhion to do what they pleaſe; 'and I will proſecute you for a breach of privilege.—'D—mn you, my lord, I will hold you fifty-pounds, 'that old prig there, in the great coat, is a cuckold, 'and he ſhall be judge himſelf.—How many eyes has 'your wife got, old fellow; one or two?'—'Well, 'well,' ſaid the watchman, 'your honours may abuſe 'us as much as you pleaſe: but we know we are doing 'our duty; and we will perform it in the king's name.' —'Your duty, you raſcal!' cried one of theſe men of honour, 'is immediately to fetch us a girl and a dozen 'of champaigne, if you'll perform that, I'll ſay you 'are as honeſt an old ſon of a whore as ever lay with an 'oyſter woman.—My dear Fanny! if I had but you 'here, and a dozen of Ryan's claret, I ſhould eſteem 'this round-houſe a palace.—Curſe me if I don't love 'to ſleep in a round-houſe ſometimes! it gives a variety 'to life, and relieves one from the inſipidneſs of a ſoft bed.'

'bed.'—'Well ſaid my hero!' anſwered his companion; 'and theſe old ſcoundrels ſhall carry us before 'my lord-mayor to-morrow, for the humour of the 'thing. Pox take him! I buy all my tallow candles of 'his lordſhip, and therefore I am ſure he'll uſe me like 'a man of honour.'

In ſuch kind of rhodomontade did theſe illuſtrious perſons conſume their night, and principally in laying wagers, which at preſent is the higheſt article of modern pleaſure; every particular of human life being reduced by the great calculators of chances to the condition of a bet. But nothing is eſteemed a more laudible topic of wagering than the lives of eminent men, which, in the elegant language of Newmarket, is called running lives; that is to ſay, a biſhop againſt an alderman, a judge againſt a keeper of a tavern; a member of parliament againſt a famous boxer; and in this manner all people's lives are wagered out, with proper allowances for their ages, infirmities, and diſtempers. Happy the nation that can produce ſuch ingenious, accompliſhed ſpirits!

Theſe two honourable peers had been ſpending their evening at a tavern, with many others; and when the rational particle was thoroughly drowned in claret, one of the company, leaping from his chair, cried out—'Who will do any thing?' upon which a reſolution was immediately taken to make a ſally into the ſtreets, and drink champaigne upon the horſe at Charing Croſs. This was no ſooner projected than executed, and they performed a great number of heroical exploits, too long to be mentioned in this work, but we hope ſome future hiſtorian will ariſe to immortalize them for the ſake of poſterity. After this was over, they reſolved to ſcour the ſtreets; and perceiving a light in a cellar underground, our two heroes magnanimouſly deſcended into that ſubterranean cave in queſt of adventures. There they found ſome hackney-coachmen enjoying themſelves with porter and tobacco, whom they immediately attacked, and offered to box the two ſturdieſt champions

of

of the company. The challenge was accepted in a moment, and whilſt our heroes were engaged, the reſt of the coachmen choſe to make off with their cloaths, which they thought no inconſiderable booty. In ſhort, theſe gentlemen of pleaſure and high life were heartily drubbed, and obliged to retreat with ſhame from the *cellar* of battle, leaving their cloaths behind them, as ſpoils, at the mercy of the enemy. Soon afterwards they were taken by the watch, being too feeble to make reſiſtance, and conducted to the round-houſe; where they ſpent their night in the manner already deſcribed. The next morning they returned home in chairs, new-dreſſed themſelves, and then took their ſeats in parliament, to enact laws for the good of their country.

CHAP. XV.

Our hero falls into great misfortunes.

WHEN the watchman had diſcharged himſelf in the morning of theſe honourable priſoners, he next bethought himſelf of poor Pompey, who had fallen into his hands in a more inoffenſive manner. Him he preſented that day to a blind beggar of his acquaintance, who had lately loſt his dog, and wanted a new guide to conduct him about the ſtreets. Here our hero fell into the moſt deſponding meditations. 'And was 'this miſery,' thought he, 'reſerved in ſtore to com-'plete the ſeries of my misfortunes? Am I deſtined to 'lead about the dark footſteps of a blind, decrepid, 'unworthy beggar? Muſt I go daggling through the 'ſtreets, with a rope about my neck, linking me to a 'wretch that is the ſcorn of human nature? O that a 'rope were fixed about my neck indeed for a nobler 'purpoſe, and that I were here to end a dreadful, tor-'menting exiſtence! Can I bear to hear the ſound of— "Pray remember the poor blind beggar?" I, who 'have converſed with lords and ladies; who have ſlept 'in the arms of the faireſt beauties, and lived on the 'choiceſt dainties that London could afford. Cruel, 'cruel fortune! when will thy perſecutions ceaſe?'

Yet,

Yet, to ſay the truth, his condition was not ſo deplorable upon trial as it appeared in proſpect; for though he was condemned to travel through dirty ſtreets all day long in queſt of charity, at night both he and his maſter fared ſumptuouſly enough on their gains; and many a lean projector, or ſtarving poet, might envy the ſuppers of this blind beggar. He ſeldom failed to collect four or five ſhillings in a day, and uſed to ſit down to his hot meals with as much ſtatelineſs as a peer could to a regular entertainment and deſſert.

I have heard a ſtory of a cripple who uſed conſtantly to apply for alms at Hyde Park Corner; where a gentleman, then juſt recovered from a dangerous fit of ſickneſs, never failed to give him ſixpence every morning, as he paſſed by in his chariot for the air. A ſervant of this gentleman's going by chance one day into an alehouſe, diſcovered the ſelf-ſame beggar ſitting down to a breaſt of veal with ſome more of the fraternity, and heard him raving at the landlord becauſe the bur was gone, and there was no lemon ready to ſqueeze over it; all of them threatening to leave the houſe if their dinners were not ſerved up with more regularity and reſpect. The footman informed his maſter of this extraordinary circumſtance; and next morning, when the pampered hypocrite applied for alms, as uſual, the gentleman put his head out of the chariot, and told him with great indignation—'No, Sir; I can eat veal without lemon.'

After our hero had lived in this condition ſome months in London, his blind maſter ſet out for Bath, whither, it ſeems, he always reſorted in the public ſeaſons; not for the ſake of playing at E O it may be imagined, nor yet for the pleaſure of being taken out by the accompliſhed Mr. Naſh to dance a minuet at a ball; but with the hopes of a plentiful harveſt among infirm people, whom ill health diſpoſes to charity. The ſcience of begging is reduced to certain principles of art, as well as all other profeſſions; and as ſickneſs is apt to influence people with compaſſion, the objects of charity flock thither

thither in great numbers; for wherever the carrion is, there will the crows be alſo.

The many adventures that befel them on their journey; how terribly our hero was fatigued with travelling through miry highways, who had been uſed to ride in coaches and ſix; and how often he wiſhed his blind tyrant would drop dead with an aploplexy; ſhall all be left to the reader's imagination. Suffice it to ſay, that in about three weeks or a month's time, they arrived at the end of their journey, and the beggar readily groped out his way to a certain ale-houſe, which he always favoured with his company; where the landlord received him with great reſpect, profeſſing much ſatisfaction to find his honour ſo well in health. By this the reader will perceive that he was a beggar of ſome diſtinction.

If our hero made any reflection, he could not help being ſurpriſed at ſuch civility, paid to ſuch a perſon in ſuch a place; but how much greater reaſon had he for aſtoniſhment, when, on the evening of their arrival, he ſaw a well dreſſed woman enter the room, and accoſt his maſter in the following terms: 'Papa, how do you 'do? You are welcome to Bath.' The beggar no ſooner heard her voice, than he ſtarted from his chair, and gave her a paternal kiſs; which the fair lady received with an air of ſcorn and indifference, telling him he had poiſoned her with his buſhy beard. When this ceremony was over, ſhe threw herſelf into an arm chair, and began to harangue in the following manner. 'Well, 'papa, ſo you are come to Bath at laſt; I thought we 'ſhould not have ſeen you this ſeaſon, and I have im-'mediate neceſſity for a ſum of money. Sure no mor-'tal ever had ſuch luck at cards as I have had! You 'muſt let me have five or ten pounds directly.'—'Five 'or ten pounds!' cries the beggar in amaze; 'how, in 'the devil's name, ſhould I come by five or ten pounds?' '—Come, come, no words,' cried the daughter; 'for 'I abſolutely muſt and will have it in ſpite of your 'teeth. I know you are worth above a hundred

'pounds;

'pounds; and what can you do with your money bet-
'ter than to give it me to make a figure in life with?
'Deuce take the men! They are grown so plaguy mo-
'dest, or so plaguy stingy, that really 'tis hardly worth
'coming to Bath now in the seasons. Hang me if I
'have had a cull this twelvemonth! But do you know,
'old dad, that brother Jack's at the Bath?'

'O!' cries the beggar, there is another of my plagues!
'I shall have him dunning me for money too very soon,
'I suppose, for the devil cannot answer the extravagan-
'cies of that fellow. Well, he'll certainly come to be
'hanged at last, that's my comfort; and I think the
'sooner he swings, the better it will be for his poor fa-
'ther, and the whole kingdom.

'Hanged!' replied the lady; 'no, no, Jack is in
'no danger of hanging at present, I assure you: he is
'now the most accomplished, modish, admired young
'fellow at the Bath; the peculiar favourite of all the la-
'dies and in a fair way of running off with a young
'heiress of considerable fortune. Let me see, old dad,
'—If you'll bespeak a private room, and have a little
'elegant supper ready at eleven o'clock to-morrow
'night, (for Jack won't be able to get away from the
'rooms sooner than eleven) I'll bring him to sup with
'you, and you shall hear his history from his own
'mouth.' To this the old hypocrite her father readily consented, and promised to provide something decent for them; after which, starting from her chair—'Well,
'papa,' said she, 'you must excuse me at present, for
'I expect company at my lodgings, and so can't af-
'ford to waste any more time with you in this misera-
'ble dog-hole of an alehouse.' Having made this polite apology, she flew to her chair, which waited at the door, and was conducted home with as much importance as if she had been a princess of the blood.

The next day, the blind impostor, attended by our hero, went out on his pilgrimage, and continued whining for charity, and profaning the name of G—d till night; after which he returned to his alehouse, put on

a better coat, and got himſelf in readineſs for the reception of his ſon and daughter. At the hour appointed, theſe illuſtrious perſonages entered the room, and the converſation was opened by the ſon in the following eaſy ſtrain. 'Old boy!' cries he, ſeizing his father by the hand, 'I am glad to ſee thee with all my heart. 'Well, old fellow, how does your crutch and blind 'eyes do? What, you continue ſtill in the old canting hypocritical way, I perceive. Pox take you! I 'ſaw you hobbling through the ſtreets to-day, old miſerable: but you know I am aſhamed to take notice 'of you in public; though I think I have thrown you 'down many a teſter at the corner of a ſtreet, without 'your knowing whom you was obliged to for ſuch a 'piece of generoſity.'

'Sir, I honour your generoſity,' replied the beggar; 'but prythee, Jack, they tell me you are going to be 'married to an heireſs of great fortune; is there any 'truth in that ſtory?'

Here the beau ſharper took a French ſnuff-box out of his pocket, and having entertained his noſe with a pinch of rappee, replied as follows. 'Yes, Sir, my unaccountable ſomewhat has had the good luck to make 'a conqueſt of a little amorous tit, with an eaſy, moderate 'fortune of about fifteen thouſand pounds, who does 'me the honour to dcat on this perſon of mine to diſtraction. But prythee, old Blue-beard, how didſt 'thou come by this piece of intelligence.'—'From that 'fine lady your ſiſter, Sir,' replied the beggar. 'O 'pox! I thought ſo,' cries the beau. 'Beſs can never keep any thing in her but her teeth, nor them 'neither.—Can you, Beſs? You underſtand me. But 'as I was ſaying, concerning this match—Yes, Sir, I 'have the honour at preſent to be principal favourite of 'all the women at Bath: they are all dying with love of 'me, and I may do what I pleaſe with any of them; 'but I, Sir, neglecting the reſt, have ſingled out a little amorous wanton, with a trifling fortune of fifteen or twenty thouſand pounds only, whom I ſhall very ſoon whip

'into

'into a chariot, I believe, and drive away to a parſon.'
'Lord!' cries the father, 'if ſhe did but know what
'a thief ſhe is going to marry!'

'Why, what then? You old curmudgeon! ſhe
'would be the more extravagantly fond of me on that
'account. 'Tis very faſhionable, Sir, for ladies to
'fall in love with highwaymen now a-days. They
'think it diſcovers a ſoul, a genius, a ſpirit in them,
'above the little prejudices of education; and I believe
'I could not do better than let her know that I have
'returned from tranſportation. But pr'ythee, old Dim,
'what haſt got for ſupper to-night?'—'Nothing, I
'am afraid that a gentleman of your faſhion can condeſ-
'cend to eat,' replied the beggar; 'for I have only
'ordered a diſh of veal-cutlets, and a couple of roaſted
'fowls.'—'Come, come, pr'ythee don't pretend to droll,
'old Blinker!' cries the ſon, 'but produce your muſty
'ſupper as faſt as you can, and then I'll treat you to
'a bottle of French claret. Come, let us be merry,
'and ſet in for a jovial evening. Pox! I have ſome
'little kind of ſneaking regard for thee, for begetting
'me, notwithſtanding your crutch and blind eyes, and
'I think I am not altogether ſorry to ſee thee.—Here,
'drawer!—landlord!—bring up ſupper directly, you
'dog, or I'll ſet fire to your houſe!'

This extraordinary ſummons had the deſired effect; and ſupper being placed on the table, the three worthy gueſts ſat down to it with great importance. The lady took upon her to manage the ceremonies, and aſked her papa, in the firſt place, if ſhe ſhould help him to ſome veal cutlets; to which the anſwer was—'If you
'pleaſe, Madam!' When ſhe had ſerved her father, ſhe then performed the ſame office to herſelf; after which, twirling the diſh round with a familiar air—'I'll leave
'you,' ſaid ſhe, 'to take care of yourſelf, Jack!' Much mirth and pleaſantry reigned at this peculiar meal, to the utter aſtoniſhment of the maſter of the houſe, who had never ſeen the like before. When ſupper was over, and they began to feel the inſpiration of the claret—'Jack!'

ſays the father, 'I think I know nothing of your hiſ-
'tory ſince you returned from tranſportation; ſuppoſe
'you were to begin, and entertain us with an account
'of your exploits.'—'With all my heart!' cries the
ſon, 'I believe I ſhall publiſh my life one of theſe days,
'if ever I am driven to neceſſity; for I fancy it will
'make a very pretty duodecimo; and 'tis the faſhion,
'you know, now-a-days, for all whores and rogues to
'entertain the world with their memoirs. Come, let
'us take another glaſs round to the health of my dear
'little charmer, and then I'll begin my adventures.'
Having ſo ſaid, he filled out three bumpers, drank his
toaſt on his knees, and then commenced his narration
in the following manner.

CHAP. XVI.

The hiſtory of a highwayman.

'I Think you have often told me, old Father Hypo-
'crite, that you begat me under a hedge near
'Newberry in Berkſhire. This, I confeſs, is not the
'moſt honourable way of coming into the world; but no
'man is anſwerable for his birth, and therefore what ſig-
'nifies prevarication? Alexander, I have heard, was the
'ſon of a flying dragon, and Romulus was ſuckled by a
'plaguy confounded wolf, as I have read in Hooke's
'Roman Hiſtory, and yet in time he grew to be a very
'pretty young fellow, and a king; but you are ignorant
'of theſe matters, both of you, and therefore I only
'play the fool to talk about them in ſuch company.

'Well, Sir, as ſoon as I was born, my mother, I
'ſuppoſe, wrapped me up in the dirty rags of an old
'rotten petticoat, and lugged me about behind her ſhoul-
'ders, as an object to move compaſſion. In this agreea-
'ble ſituation, nuzzling behind the back of a louſy drab
'—excuſe me, old fellow, for making ſo free with your
'conſort—in this ſituation, I ſuppoſe I viſited all the
'towns in England; and it is amazing I was not crip-
'pled with having my feet and limbs bundled up in ſuch
'cloſe confinement. But I kicked hard for liberty; and

'at

'at length came out that eaſy degagé, jaunty young fellow of fathion which you now behold me.

'My genius very early began to ſhew itſelf: and before I was twelve years old, you know, I had acquired 'a great reputation for ſlight of hand; which being reported to a great maſter of that ſcience, he immediately took me under his care, and promiſed to initiate 'me into all the myſteries of the art. Thus I bade adieu to the dirty employment of begging, left father 'and mother, and ſtruck into a higher ſphere in life.

'At firſt, indeed, I meddled only with petty larceny, 'and was ſent out to try my hand on execution-days at 'Tyburn; where, having acquitted myſelf with honour, 'I was quickly promoted to better buſineſs; and by 'that time I was fifteen, began to make a great figure 'in the paſſages about the theatres. Many a gentleman's fob have I eaſed of the trouble of carrying a watch: 'and, though it may look like vanity to ſay ſo, I believe I furniſhed more broker's ſhops and pedlar's boxes 'than half the pick-pockets in London beſides. None 'of them all had ſo great a levee of travelling Jews to 'traffic for buckles, ſeals, watches, tweezer-caſes, and 'the like, as I had. But my chief dexterity was in robbing the ladies. There is a particular art, a peculiar delicacy required, in whipping one's hand up a 'lady's petticoats, and carrying off her pockets, which 'few of them ever attain to with any ſucceſs. That 'now was my glory—that was my delight; I performed it to admiration, and out-did them all in this branch 'of the craft.

'I remember once, a chambermaid of my acquaintance, a flame of mine, gave me notice that her young 'lady would be at the play ſuch a night, with a pair of 'diamond-buckles in her ſhoes. You may be ſure I 'watched her into her coach, marked her into her box, 'and waited for her coming out, with ſome more of the 'fraternity to aſſiſt me. At laſt, as ſoon as the play 'was over, out ſhe came, tittering and laughing with 'her companions, who, by good-luck, happened to be

'all of her own ſex. This now was my time; I had
'her up in my arms in a moment, while one of my
'comrades whipped off her ſhoes with prodigious expe-
'dition. But my reaſon for telling the ſtory is this:
'while I had her in my arms, let me die if I could help
'giving her a kiſs; which, hang me! if the little trem-
'bler did not ſeem to return, with her heart panting,
'and breaſts heaving! Deuce take me, if I was not al-
'moſt ſorry afterwards to ſee her walking to her coach
'without any ſhoes upon her feet!

'Well, Sir, this was my courſe of life for a few years.
'But ambition, you know, is a thing never to be ſa-
'tisfied; and having gained all the glory I could in
'this way, my next ſtep of promotion was to the gam-
'ing tables. Here I played with great ſucceſs a long
'while, and ſhared in the fleecing many raw young cul-
'lies, who had more money than wit. But one unfor-
'tunate night, the devil, or my evil genius, carried me
'to a maſquerade; and there, in the ill-omened habit
'of a friar, being fool enough to play upon an honour-
'able footing, I loſt all I had to a few ſhillings. This
'was a confounded ſtroke—this was a ſtunning blow to
'me! I lay a-bed all the next day, raving at my ill-
'fortune, and beating my brains, to think I could be
'ſuch an aſs as to play upon the ſquare. At laſt, in a
'fit of deſpair, I ſtarted out of bed about nine or ten
'o'clock at night, borrowed a friend's horſe, bought a ſe-
'cond-hand pair of poppers with the little ſilver that was
'left me, and away I rode full gallop, night and rainy
'as it was, for Hounſlow Heath. There I wandered
'about, half dead with cold and fear, till morning;
'and, to ſay the truth, began to grow deviliſh ſick of
'my buſineſs. When day broke, the firſt object that
'preſented itſelf to my eyes, I remember, was a gallows
'within a hundred yards of me. This ſeemed plaguy
'ominous; and I was very near riding back to London
'without ſtriking a ſtroke. At laſt, while I was wa-
'vering in this ſtate of uncertainty, behold, a ſtage-
'coach comes gently, ſoftly ambling over the Heath.

'Courage,

" Courage, my heart!" cries I; " there can be no " fear of reſiſtance here; a ſtage-coach is the moſt lucky " thing in the world for a young adventurer!" And ſo ' ſaying, I clapped on my maſk, (the ſame I had worn ' the night before at the Hay Market) ſet ſpurs to my ' horſe, and preſented my piſtol at the coach-window. ' How the paſſengers behaved I know not: for my own ' part, I was more than half blind with fear; and tak- ' ing what they gave me without expoſtulation, away I ' rode, exceedingly well ſatisfied to have eſcaped with- ' out reſiſtance. Taking courage, however, at this ſuc- ' ceſs, I attacked another ſtage-coach with greater bra- ' very; and afterwards a third, with ſo much magnani- ' mity, that I even ventured to ſearch ſome of the paſ- ' ſengers, who, I thought, defrauded me of my due. ' Here, now, I ſhould have left off, and all had been ' well: but that devil Avarice prompting me to get a ' little more, I attacked a ſingle horſeman, and plundered ' him of a watch and about thirty guineas. The ſcoun- ' drel ſeemed to purſue his journey quietly enough; but ' meeting afterwards with ſome of his friends on the road, ' and relating his caſe to them, they all agreed to purſue ' me. Meanwhile, Sir, I was jogging on contentedly at my ' eaſe; when turning round on a ſudden, I ſaw this ' tremendous grazier, and two or three more bloody- ' minded fellows, that ſeemed each as big as a giant, in ' full purſuit of me. Away I daſhed through thick and ' thin, as if the devil drove; but being wretchedly ' mounted, I was ſurrounded, apprehended, carried be- ' fore that infernal Sir Thomas Deveil, and he com- ' mitted me.

' Now I was in a ſweet condition! This was a charm- ' ing revolution in my life! Newgate, and the proſpect ' of a gallows, furniſh a man with very agreeable re- ' flections. O that curſed Old Bailey! I ſhall never ' forget the ſentence which the hum-drum ſon of a whore ' of a judge paſſed upon me!—" You ſhall hang till you " are dead, dead, dead!" Faith, I was more than half ' dead with hearing it; and in that plight I was drag- ' ged back to my priſon!

' Excellent

'Excellent lodging in the condemned hole! Pretty 'muſic the death-warrant rings in a man's ears! But, 'as good-luck would have it, while I was expecting 'every hour to be tucked up, his majeſty, (G—d bleſs 'him) took pity on me the very day before execution, 'and ſent me a reprieve for tranſportation. To deſcribe 'the tranſport I felt at this moment would be impoſſible! 'I was half mad with joy; and, inſtead of reflecting 'that I was going to ſlavery, fancied myſelf going to 'Heaven. The being ſhipped off for Jamaica was ſo 'much better a voyage, I thought, than ferrying over 'that ſame river Styx with old Gaffar Charon, that I 'never once troubled myſelf about what I was to ſuffer 'when I got thither.

'Not to be tedious, (for I hate a long ſtory) to Ja-'maica I went, with a full reſolution of making my eſ-'cape by the firſt opportunity; which I very ſoon ac-'compliſhed. After leading the life of a dog for about 'a year and a half, I got on board a ſhip which was 'coming for England, and arrived ſafe and ſound on the 'coaſt of Cornwall. "My dear native country! how it "revived my heart to ſee thee again! O London! Lon-"don! no woman of quality, after ſuffering the va-"pours for a whole ſummer in the country, ever ſighed "after thee with greater deſire than I did!" But as I 'landed without a farthing of money in my pocket, I 'was obliged to beg my way up to town in the habit of 'a ſailor, telling all the way the confoundedeſt lies; how 'I had been taken by pirates, and fought with the 'Moors, who were going to eat me alive, and twenty 'other unaccountable ſtories, to chouſe ſilly women 'of a few halfpence.

'Well, at laſt, I entered the dear old metropolis, and 'went immediately in queſt of a gang of ſharpers, which 'I formerly frequented. Theſe jovial blades were 'juſt then ſetting out for Newmarket races, and very ge-'nerouſly took me into their party. They ſupplied me 'with cloaths, lent me a little money to begin with, and, 'in ſhort, ſet me up again in the world. There is nothing

'like

'like courage: it is the life, the ſoul, of buſineſs. Accordingly, on the very firſt day's ſport, having marked out the horſe that I ſaw was the favourite of the knowing ones, I offered great odds, made as many bets as I could, and truſted myſelf to Fortune; reſolving to ſcamper off the courſe as hard as I could drive, if I ſaw her likely to declare againſt me. But, as it happened, to make amends for her former ill-uſage, the jade now decided in my favour: it was quite a *hollow thing*; Goliah won the day, and I pocketed up about threeſcore guineas. Of this I made excellent uſe at the gaming-tables; and, in ſhort, when the week was over, carried away from Newmarket a cool three hundred. Now, my dear Beſs, I was a man again: I returned immediately to London, equipped myſelf with laced cloaths, rattled down to Bath in a poſt-chaiſe, gave myſelf out for the eldeſt ſon of Sir Jeremy Griſkin of the kingdom of Ireland, and ſtruck at once into all the joys of high-life. This is a little epitome of my hiſtory. 'Having been a pick-pocket, a ſharper, a ſlave, and a highwayman, I am now the peculiar favourite of all the ladies at Bath.'

Here the beau finiſhed his ſtory, and ſat expecting the applauſes of his company, which he very ſoon received on the part of his ſiſter: but as to that worthy gentleman his father, he had been faſt aſleep for ſeveral minutes, and did not hear the concluſion of this wonderful hiſtory. Being now waked by ſilence, and the ceſſation of his ſon's voice, as he had been before lulled to ſleep by his talking, he cried out from the midſt of a doze—'So, ſhe's a very fine girl, is ſhe, Jack? A very fine girl?'

'Who is a very fine girl?' cries the ſharper, ſlapping him over the ſhoulder. 'Why, zounds! thou art aſleep, old miſerable, and doſt not know a ſyllable of what has been ſaid!'

'Yes, Sir, I do know what has been ſaid,' returned the father; 'and therefore you need not beat one ſo, Jack! You was telling about going to be married, and going to Jamaica.'

'Going

'Going to Jamaica! Pox take thee! thou wanteſt to 'be going to bed. Why, was there ever ſuch a wretched 'old dotard? I have not ſeen thee theſe ſeven or eight 'years; and perhaps may never ſee thee again, for thou 'wilt be rotten in a year or two more; and yet canſt not 'put a little life into thyſelf for one evening!—Come 'Beſs,' added he, 'let us take another bumper, and 'bid old Drowſy good-night. Silenus will ſnore, do 'what one can to prevent him. Here, my girl! here's 'proſperity to Love, and may all ſleepers go to the 'devil!'

'Nay, nay!' cries the father; 'conſider, Jack, 'tis 'paſt my bed time many hours ago. You fine gentle-'men of the world are able to bear theſe faſhionable 'hours; but I have been uſed to live by the light of the 'ſun. Beſides, if you had been drudging about after 'charity, as I have all day long, I fancy you would 'not be in a much better condition than your poor father, 'but really you ſharpers don't conſider the toil and trou-'ble of earning one's bread in an honeſt way. Why, 'now, I have not gathered above ſix or ſeven ſhillings 'this whole day, and that won't half pay for our ſup-'per to-night.'

Here the beau beſtowed ſeveral curſes on him for his ſtingineſs; and, contemptuouſly bidding him hoard up his miſerable pelf, generouſly undertook to pay the whole. The bill was then called for, the reckoning diſcharged, and the company ſeparated; having firſt, however, made an agreement to meet there the ſucceeding evening. And thus ended this illuſtrious compotation.

CHAP. XVII.

Adventures at the Bath.

NEXT morning the blind beggar, conducted by our hero, went out, as uſual, and preſented himſelf before the beau-monde on the Parade. Some few people, afflicted with very ill health, were generous enough to throw him down a few ſixpences; others only commended the beauty of his pretty dog; and far the greater number

number walked on without caſting their eyes upon him. As he was here howling forth the miſeries of his condition in a moſt lamentable tone of voice, who ſhould happen to paſs by but his own accompliſhed ſon, in company with two ladies of figure, to whom he was talking with the greateſt familiarity and eaſe. The gaiety of his laugh, the vivacity of his converſation, made him univerſally obſerved; and all the women on the Parade ſeemed to envy the happineſs of the two ladies with whom he was engaged.

As the party came near the place where the old hypocrite was ſtationed, he could not eſcape their notice; and the youngeſt of the ladies being ſtruck with compaſſion at the ſight of him—'Bleſs me!' ſays ſhe, 'I am ſure 'that poor old man is an object of charity! Do ſtay 'a moment, Lady Marmazet; I am reſolved to give him 'ſomething.'—Pſhaw, my dear! Come along, child!' cries her ladyſhip. 'How can you be ſo ridiculous, 'Miſs Newcome? Who gives any money to charity now-'a-days?'—'True, Madam; your ladyſhip is perfectly 'in the right,' replied the beau, who now diſcovered his own father, 'Nothing can be more idle, I think, than 'throwing one's money away upon a ſet of thieviſh tat-'terdemallion wretches, who are the burden of the na-'tion, and ought to be exterminated from the face of 'the earth.'—'Well, well, you may ſay what you pleaſe, 'both of you,' ſays Miſs Newcome, 'but I am reſolved 'to be generous this morning; and therefore it does not 'ſignify laughing at me.—Here, maſter Gaffer, here's 'ſixpence for you.'

All this while, Mr. Griſkin was in extreme pain; for though he had no reaſon to fear any diſcovery, yet the conſciouſneſs that this deplorable object was his own father, hurt the gentleman's pride in the preſence of his miſtreſs, and greatly checked his vivacity. He endeavoured, therefore, all he could, to hurry the young lady away from ſo unpleaſant a ſcene; in which he was ſeconded by Lady Marmazet, who kept crying out—'How 'can you be ſo monſtrouſly prepoſterous, Miſs New-

'come;

'come? Come along girl! As I hope to be ſaved, I am 'aſhamed of you! We ſhall have all the eyes of the com-'pany upon us in a few moments!'—'I don't care a 'farthing for company,' replied the young lady; 'I 'am reſolved to aſk the old man ſome queſtions, and 'therefore hold your tongue.—What, are you quite 'blind, Gaffar?'

By this time Squire Griſkin was recovered from his firſt ſurpriſe; and perceiving no bad conſequences likely to happen, thought he might venture to ſhine a little upon the occaſion. 'Sirrah!' cries he, 'you miſerable old 'dog! what do you mean by ſhocking people of quality 'here, with a ſight of your deteſtable phyſiognomy? 'Whence do you come? What do you do out of your 'own pariſh? I'll have you whipt from conſtable to con-'ſtable back to your own ſettlement!'

'No, pleaſe your noble honour!' cries the beggar; 'I hope your noble honour won't be ſo cruel to a poor 'blind man! a poor blind man, ſtruck blind with light-'ning! Heaven preſerve your honour from ſuch calami-'ties! I have very good friends down in Cumberland, 'pleaſe your royal worſhip; and I am travelling home-'ward as faſt as I can: but it pleaſed Heaven to ſtrike 'me blind with a flaſh of lightning a long way from my 'relations, and I am reduced to beg for a little ſuſte-'nance!'

'Mercy upon me!' cries Miſs Newcome: 'why, 'what a vaſt way the miſerable wretch has to travel, 'Mr. Griſkin! How will he ever be able to get home?'

'Oh, curſe him! all a confounded lie from beginning 'to end, depend upon't, Madam! The dog has no re-'lations or friends in the world, I'll anſwer for him!' cries the beau. Then turning to his father—'Here, you 'old raſcal,' added he, 'here's a ſhilling for you; and, 'do you hear me, take yourſelf off this moment! If 'ever I ſee you upon the Parade again, I'll have you 'laid by the heels, and ſent to the houſe of correction.' The blind wretch then hobbled away, pouring forth a thouſand benedictions upon them; while Lady Marma-

zet

zet and the ſharper rallied Miſs Newcome for her unfaſhionable generoſity.

Leaving the reader to make his own remarks on this extraordinary occurrence, I ſhall paſs over the intermediate ſpace of time in which nothing happened material to this hiſtory, and rejoin the three illuſtrious gueſts at their alehouſe in the evening. The lady was the firſt that came, to whom her father related the adventure of the morning, which greatly delighted her. While ſhe was laughing at this ſtory, that ſprightly knight her brother alſo came ſinging into the room: and throwing himſelf negligently into a chair, picked his teeth for a moment or two in ſilence: then addreſſing himſelf to his father —'Old fellow,' cries he, 'I was obliged to uſe you a 'little roughly this morning, but you'll excuſe me. 'There was a neceſſity you know of treating you like 'a ſcoundrel and an impoſtor, to prevent any ſuſpicion 'of our relationſhip.'—'Well, well, Jack!' replied the father 'I forgive you, I forgive you with all my heart; 'for I ſuppoſe one of the ladies was your ſweetheart, 'and to be ſure 'twas as well not to let her know you 'was my ſon, for fear of the worſt that might happen, 'tho'f you tell me women are ſo fond of marrying high-'waymen now-a-days. Adad, Jack; I wiſhed for my 'eyes again juſt to have had one little peep at her. 'What, is ſhe a deadly fine girl?'

'A divine creature, Sir,' replied the beau; 'young, 'melting, amorous, and beautiful; innocent as an angel, 'and yet wanton as the month of May; and then ſhe 'doats on me to diſtraction. Did you mind how ten-'derly the little fool intereſted herſelf about your blind 'eyes, and pitied you for the confounded lies you told 'her?'

'Why, yes, there was ſomething very pretty, I muſt 'confeſs,' ſaid the father; 'very pretty indeed, in her 'manner of talking. How the deuce do you get ac-'quainted with the great ladies?'

'O, let me alone for that,' returned Mr. Griſkin; 'I am made for the women, Sir! I have the toujours

'gay, which is so dear to them; I am blessed with that 'agreeable impudence, that easy familiar way of talking 'nonsense, that happy insensibility of shame, which 'they all adore in men. And then consider my figure, 'my shape, my air, my legs—all together, I find I am 'irresistible. How in the name of wonder, old fellow, 'could you and your trull strike out such a lucky hit 'under a country hedge?'

Here the fair lady was in raptures at her brother's wit, and asked her father, if he did not think him a most delightful, charming young fellow; to which the beggar replied with a groan—'O Jack, Jack! thou wilt cer-'tainly come to be hanged in the end; I see it as plain as 'can be; so much wit and impudence will certainly bring 'thee to the gallows at last.'

Much more of this sort of ribaldry and licentious conversation passed between them; and as the father was more wakeful this night than he had been the preceding one, they protracted their cups till very late; they roared, they sung, they danced, and practised all sorts of unruly, drunken mirth. At last, however, they separated once more to their several beds; and Fate had destined that they should never meet again in joy and friendship, at this or any other alehouse; the cause whereof will be seen in the following chapter.

CHAP. XVIII.

More adventures at Bath.

THE father of young Jeremy Griskin was so pleased with the advantageous match his son was concluding, that, in the joy of his heart, he could not help talking of it to the alehouse-keeper where he lodged; though he had imprecated a thousand curses on his head, if ever he revealed it. The alehouse-keeper likewise had bound himself by an equal number of oaths, never to discover what he heard from the beggar; and perhaps at the time he made these vows he meant to observe them: but being once in possession of a secret, he found it impossible to be long easy with so troublesome a guest in his bosom.

With

With a very myſterious face therefore he whiſpered to ſeveral coachmen and footmen, who frequented his houſe, that a very fine gentleman and lady came privately every night to viſit an old blind beggar, who lodged with him; that theſe fine folks, by what he could learn, were the beggar's ſon and daughter; and that the fine gentleman lived among the quality, and was going to run away with a great fortune.

The ſtory having made this progreſs, could not fail of proceeding farther; for being once communicated to the ſervants of ſeveral families, it was quickly ſerved up to the tables of the great. The valets informed their maſters, and the waiting gentlewomen their miſtreſſes, as a new topic of converſation while they were dreſſing them.

From hence the rumour became public, and diſperſed itſelf all over the Bath; ſo that the very next morning after the laſt rendezvous at the alehouſe, when Squire Griſkin appeared with Lady Marmazet and Miſs Newcome as uſual in the Pump-room, they found themſelves ſtared on with more than common attention by all the company. Several gentlemen laughed aloud as they paſſed by them; the young ladies all affected to titter under their fans; and the eldeſt dames toſſed up their noſes with the moſt inſolent air of diſdain. As all this could not be done without a meaning, the two ladies his companions were greatly aſtoniſhed, and even the beau himſelf, fortified as he was in impudence, could not ſtifle ſome unpleaſant apprehenſions. He affected however to turn it off with an air of raillery, imputed to the d—mned cenſoriouſneſs of the Bath; and expreſſed his wonder that people could not be allowed to be free and intimate, without drawing on themſelves the ſcandalous obſervations of a whole public place.

While Mr. Griſkin was ſuppoſed to be a gentleman, the whole tribe of coquettes and beauties looked on Miſs Newcome with eyes of jealouſy and indignation, all of them envying her the happineſs of engaging ſo accompliſhed a lover: but no ſooner were they let into the ſe-

cret of his parentage, than they began to triumph in their turns, and ſhewed their malice another way. Envy now changed into contempt; a malicious ſneer was ſeen in all their faces, and they huddled together in little parties to feaſt on ſo agreeable a diſcovery. For ſpite is never ſo ſpiteful as among young ladies who are rivals in love and beauty. 'Really, Madam,' ſaid one of them, 'one muſt be obliged to take care of one's pockets, be-'cauſe you know if ſharpers are allowed to come into 'public places, and appear like gentlemen, one can 'never be ſafe a moment.' To which another replied— 'Indeed I ſhall leave my watch at home when I go to 'the ball to-night, for I don't think it ſafe to carry any 'thing valuable about one, while Miſs Newcome's ad-'mirer continues among us.' Many ſuch ſpeeches were flirted about; for though the ſtory hitherto was only a flying ſuſpicion, they were all fully perſuaded of its truth, and reſolutely bent to believe it without waiting for any confirmation, and indeed without once troubling themſelves to enquire on what authority it was founded.

The gay ſharper manifeſtly perceived from all this, that ſome diſcovery had been made to his diſadvantage; but not being willing to reſign his hopes till affairs appeared a little more deſperate, he very courageouſly preſented himſelf that evening in the ball-room. He was indeed prudent enough to abſtain from minuets, not chuſing to encounter the eyes of people in ſo conſpicuous an attitude; but as ſoon as the company ſtood up to country-dances, with a face of infinite aſſurance, he led Miſs Newcome towards the top of the room, and took his ſtation as uſual among the foremoſt files. A buz immediately ran through the company, and when they began to dance, moſt of the ladies refuſed him their hands. This was a terrible blow to him; he knew not how to revenge the affront, nor yet how to behave under ſuch an interdiction. Lady Marmazet, who ſaw with what ſcorn he was treated, very reſolutely advanced and reprimanded ſeveral of her female acquaintance with much warmth for their behaviour, pretending it was an affront

affront to Miſs Newcome, who came to Bath under her protection, and whoſe cauſe ſhe was obliged to eſpouſe. In reality, I believe there was another reaſon which quickened her ladyſhip's reſentment, and made her behold with concern the indignities offered to a man, who had found the way of being agreeable to her ladyſhip, as well as to the young lady her companion. But however that be, it is certain her interfering did him little ſervice; and after a thouſand taunts and fleers, the unfortunate couple were obliged to ſit down in a corner of the room. They ſtood up again ſome time afterwards to make a freſh attempt, which proved as unſucceſsful as the former: in ſhort, after repeated diſgraces, they were obliged to give over all thoughts of dancing for the remaining part of the night; the poor girl trembling and wondering what could be the reaſon of all this behaviour; and even the beau himſelf looking very fooliſh under the conſciouſneſs of his own condition.

As it was pretty plain, however, that his father muſt have betrayed his ſecret, the ball no ſooner broke up, than he flew with the greateſt rage to the alehouſe, ruſhed eagerly into the room, where the miſerable wretch was then dozing, and fell upon him with all the bitterneſs of paſſion. 'Where is this old raſcal?' cries he; 'what 'is it you mean by this you deteſtable miſcreant? I have 'a great mind to murder you, and give your carcaſe to 'the hounds!

'Bleſs us! what's the matter now Jack?' ſaid the beggar. 'Matter!' returned he; 'you have been 'prating, and tattling, and chattering. You have 'ruined me, you old villain, you have blown me up for 'ever. Speak, confeſs that you have diſcovered my 'ſecrets.'

Here the beggar ſtammered and endeavoured to excuſe himſelf, but was obliged at laſt to acknowledge, that he believed he might have mentioned ſomething of the matter to the man of the houſe. 'And how durſt you mention 'any thing of the matter?' cries the ſon, ſeizing his father by the throat; 'how durſt you open your lips

'upon the ſubject? I have a great inclination to pluck 'your tongue out, and burn it before your face. You 'have told him, I ſuppoſe, that I am your ſon. 'Tis 'a lie; you ſtole me, you kidnapped me; 'tis impoſ-'ſible I could be the offspring of ſuch an eyeleſs, ſhirt-'leſs, toothleſs raggamuffin as thou art. Here I have 'been inſulted by every body to night, I have run the 'gauntlet through the whole ball-room; all my hopes, 'all my ſtratagems are deſtroyed, and all is owing to 'your infamous prating. But mark what I ſay to you. 'Set out directly, to-night or to-morrow morning be-'fore ſun-riſe, and budge off as faſt as your legs can 'carry you. If I find you here to morrow at ſeven 'o'clock, by hell, I'll cut your throat. You have done 'miſchief enough already. You ſhall do me no more; 'and therefore pack up your wallet and away with you, 'or prepare to feed the crows.' Having uttered this terrible denunciation of vengeance, he ruſhed out of the room with as much impetuoſity as he came into it, and left the poor offender ſtaring and trembling with amaze-ment.

The firſt thing he did after his ſon had quitted him, was to heave up a prodigious groan, which he accompa-nied with a moral reflection on the hard fate of all fathers, who are curſed with rebellious, unnatural children. As ſuch uſage he thought was ſufficient to cancel all pater-nal affection, he felt in himſelf a ſtrong deſire at firſt to be revenged, by impeaching, and bringing the villain to juſtice. But then conſidering, on the other hand, that he could not well do this without diſcovering his own hypocriſy and impoſtures at the ſame time, he prudently ſuppreſſed thoſe thoughts, and reſolved to quit the place. It was hard, he ſaid to himſelf, to obey the orders of ſuch an abandoned profligate; but he comforted himſelf with the agreeable, and indeed very probable hopes, that he ſhould ſoon ſee his ſon come to the gallows, with-out his being acceſſary to ſuch an event.

Very early then the next morning, he ſet out with his unfortunate little guide, and made forced marches for London.

London. Being willing to eſcape beyond the reach of his ſon's reſentment as ſoon as poſſible, he travelled ſo very faſt, that in little more than a week's time, he arrived at Reading: from whence after a day's reſting, he again renewed his journey. But ſorrow and fatigue ſo entirely overcame him, that he fell ſick on the road, and it was with the greateſt difficulty that he crawled up to the gate of a celebrated inn, not uſed to the entertainment of ſuch gueſts, where he fainted and dropped down in a fit. Two or three oſtlers, who were the firſt that ſaw him, conveyed him to an apartment in the ſtable, where he lay for ſeveral days in a moſt miſerable condition.—His diſorder ſoon rendered him ſpeechleſs, and being able to aſk for nothing, he was ſupplied with nothing: for though the good landlady of the houſe would gladly have done any thing in the world to relieve him, had ſhe known his condition, her ſervants, happening not to have the ſpirit of humanity in them, never once informed her that ſuch an object of charity lay ſick in her ſtable. Finding himſelf thus neglected and deſtitute of all comfort, he very prudently gave up the ghoſt, leaving our hero once more at the diſpoſal of chance.

What future ſcenes of good or evil are next to open upon him, Fate does not yet chuſe to divulge; and therefore begging the reader to ſuſpend his curioſity, till we have received a proper commiſſion for gratifying it, we here put an end to this firſt book of our wonderful hiſtory.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

HISTORY

OF

POMPEY THE LITTLE.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAP. I.

Fortune grows favourable to our hero, and reſtores him to high life.

THE blind beggar, to whoſe tyranny Fortune had committed our hero, groaned out his ſoul, as the reader has already ſeen, in the ſtable at a public inn.—Pompey, ſtanding by, had the pleaſure of ſeeing the tyrant fall as he deſerved, and exulted over him like Cicero in the ſenate-houſe over the dying Cæſar. This misfortune was firſt diſcovered by an oſtler, who coming accidentally into the ſtable, and perceiving the miſerable creature ſtretched out on the ſtraw, began at firſt to holla in his ear, imagining him to be aſleep; but finding him inſenſible to three or four hearty kicks, which he beſtowed upon him—'Odrabbet un,' cries he, 'why ſure a can't 'be dead, can a? by gar he is; pillgarlic is certainly 'dead.' He then called together two or three of his brethren, to divert themſelves with this agreeable ſpectacle, and many ſtable jokes paſſed upon the occaſion.—When their diverſion was over, one of them ran in doors to inform their miſtreſs; but the good woman was not immediately at leiſure to hear his intelligence, being taken up in her civilities to a coach-and-ſix, juſt then arrived, and very buſy in conducting the ladies to their apartments. However, when dinner was over, ſhe bethought herſelf of what had happened, and went into the ſtable attended by two of her chamber-maids, to ſurvey the corpſe, and give orders for its burial. There little Pompey, for the firſt time preſented himſelf to her view;

view; but ſorrow and ill-uſage had ſo impaired his beauty, and his coat too was in ſuch a diſhabille of dirt and mire, that he beſpake no favourable opinion in his beholders. We muſt not therefore think Mrs. Windmill of a cruel nature, becauſe ſhe ordered him to be hanged, for, in reality, ſhe is a very humane and friendly woman; but perceiving no beauty in the dog to incline her to compaſſion, and concluding him to be a thief, from the company he was found with, it was natural for her to ſhew him no mercy. A conſultation therefore was held in the yard, and ſentence of death was pronounced upon him; which had been executed as ſoon as commanded, (for the oſtler was inſtantly preparing a rope with great delight) had not one of the chamber-maids interpoſed, ſaying, ſhe believed he was a ſweet pretty creature, if he was waſhed, and deſired her miſtreſs to ſave him. A word of this kind was enough to Mrs. Windmill, who immediately granted him a reprieve, and ordered him into the kitchen for a turn-ſpit. But when he had gone through the ceremony of luſtration, and was thoroughly cleaned, every body was ſtruck with his beauty, and the good landlady in particular; who now changed her reſolutions, and, inſtead of condemning him to the drudgery of a turn-ſpit, made him her companion, and taught him to follow her about the houſe. He ſoon grew to be a favourite with the whole family, as indeed he always was wherever he came; and the chamber-maids uſed to quarrel with one another, who ſhould take him to their beds at night. He likewiſe got acquainted with Captain, the great houſe-dog, who, like Cerberus, terrified the regions round about with his barking: yet would he often condeſcend to be pleaſed with the frolics of little Pompey, and vouchſafe now and then to unbend his majeſty with a game of play.

After he had lived here near a fortnight, a poſt-chaiſe ſtopt one day at the door, out of which alighted two ladies juſt arrived from the Bath. They ran directly to the fire, declaring they were almoſt frozen to death with cold; whereupon Mrs. Windmill began to thunder for

wood

wood, and assisted in making up an excellent fire: after which she begged the favour to know what their ladyships would please to have for dinner. 'If you please, Madam,' said the eldest, 'I'll look into your larder.'—'With all my 'heart, Madam,' answered the good landlady; 'I have 'fish and fowls of all kinds, and rabbits and hares, and 'variety of butcher's meat. But your ladyship says you 'will be so good as to accommodate yourself on the spot. 'I am ready to attend your ladyship, whenever your 'ladyship pleases.'

While the eldest was gone to examine the larder, the youngest of these ladies, having seized little Pompey, who followed his mistress into the room, was infinitely charmed with his beauty, and caressed him during the whole time of her sister's absence. Pompey, in return, seemed pleased to be taken notice of by so fair a lady; for though he had long been disused to the company of people of fashion, he had not yet forgot how to behave himself with complaisance and good manners. He felt a kind of pride returning, which all his misfortunes had not been able to extinguish, and began to hope the time was come which should restore him to the beau-monde. With these hopes he continued in the room all the time the ladies were at dinner, paying great court to them both, and receiving what they were pleased to bestow upon him with much fawning, and officious civility.

As soon as the ladies had dined, Mrs. Windmill came in to make her compliments, as usual, hoping the dinner was dressed to their ladyships' minds, and that the journey had not destroyed their appetites. She received very courteous answers to all she said, and after some other conversation on different topics, little Pompey came at last upon the carpet. 'Pray, Madam,' said the youngest of the ladies, 'how long have you had this very pretty 'dog?' Mrs. Windmill, who never was deficient when she had an opportunity of talking, having started so fair a subject, began to display her eloquence in the following manner. 'Madam,' says she, 'the little creature fell 'into my hands by the strangest accident in life, and it

'is

'is G—d's mercy he was not hanged. An old blind 'beggar, ladies, died in my ſtable about a fortnight ago, 'and it ſeems this little animal uſed to lead him about 'the country. 'Tis amazing how they come by the in'ſtinct they have in them—and ſuch a little creature too. 'But, as I was telling you, ladies, the old blind beggar 'was juſt returned from Bath, as your ladyſhips may be 'now, and the poor miſerable wretch periſhed in my 'ſtable. There he left this little dog; and, will you 'believe it, ladies? as I am alive, I ordered him to be 'hanged, not once dreaming he was ſuch a beauty; for 'indeed he was quite covered over with mire and naſti'neſs, as to be ſure he could not be otherwiſe, after 'leading the old blind man ſo long a journey; but a 'maid-ſervant of mine took a fancy to the little wretch, 'and begged his life; and, would you think it, ladies? 'I am now grown as fond of the little fool as if he was 'my own child.'

The two ſiſters, diverted with Mrs. Windmill's oration, could not help ſmiling upon one another; but, diſguiſing their laughter as well as they could—'I do not 'wonder,' ſaid the youngeſt, 'at your fondneſs for him, 'Madam, he is ſo remarkably handſome; and that being 'the caſe, I cannot find in my heart to rob you of him, 'otherwiſe I was juſt going to aſk if you ſhould be will'to part with him.'—'Bleſs me, Madam!' ſaid the obliging hoſteſs, 'I am ſure there is nothing I would 'not do to oblige your ladyſhip; and if your ladyſhip 'has ſuch an affection for the little wretch—Not part 'with him indeed!'—'Nay, Madam,' ſaid the lady, interrupting her, 'I would willingly make you any a'mends; and if you will pleaſe to name your price, I'll 'purchaſe him of you.'—'Alack-a-day, Madam!' replied the landlady, 'I am ſorry your ladyſhip ſuſpects 'me to be of ſuch a mercenary diſpoſition. Purchaſe 'him indeed! He is extremely at your ladyſhip's ſervice, 'if you pleaſe to accept of him.' With theſe words, ſhe took him up, and delivered him into the lady's arms, who received him with many acknowledgments of the favour done

done her, all which the good landlady repaid with abundant intereſt.

Word was now brought that the chaiſe was ready, and waited at the door; whereupon the two ladies were obliged to break off their converſation, and Mrs. Windmill to reſtrain her eloquence. She attended them, with a million of civil ſpeeches, to their equipage, and handing little Pompey to them, when they were ſeated in it, took her leave with a great profuſion of ſmiles and curtſies. The poſtillion blew his horn; the ladies bowed; and our hero's heart exulted with tranſport, to think of the amendment of his fate.

CHAP. II.

A long chapter of Characters.

THE poſt-chaiſe ſtopped in a genteel ſtreet in London, and Pompey was introduced into decent lodgings, where every thing had an air of politeneſs, yet nothing was expenſive. The rooms were hung with Indian paper; the beds were Chineſe; and the whole furniture ſeemed to ſhew how elegant ſimplicity can be under the direction of taſte. Tea was immediately ordered, and the two ladies ſat down to refreſh themſelves after the fatigue of their journey, and began to talk over the adventures they had met with at the Bath. They remembered many agreeable incidents, which had happened in that great rendezvous of pleaſure, and ventured to laugh at ſome follies of their acquaintance, without ſeverity or ill-nature.

Theſe two ladies were born of a good family, and had received a genteel education. Their father, indeed, left them no more than ſix thouſand pounds each; but, as they united their fortunes, and managed their affairs with frugality, they made a creditable figure in the world, and lived in intimacy with people of the greateſt faſhion. It will be neceſſary, for the take of diſtinction, to give them names, and the reader, if he pleaſes, may call them Theodoſia and Aurora,

Theodoſia, the eldeſt, was advancing towards forty, an age when perſonal charms begin to fade, and women

grow

grow indifferent at leaſt, who have nothing better to ſupply the place of them. But Theodoſia was largely poſſeſſed of all thoſe good qualities which render women agreeable without beauty: ſhe was affable and eaſy in her behaviour; well-bred without falſhood; cheerful without levity; polite and obliging to her friends, civil and generous to her domeſtics. Nature had given her a good temper, and education had made it an agreeable one. She had lived much in the world, without growing vain or inſolent; improved her underſtanding by books, without any affectation of wit or ſcience; and loved public places, without being a ſlave to pleaſure. Her converſation was always engaging, and often entertaining. Her long commerce with the world had ſupplied her with a fund of diverting remarks on life, and her good ſenſe enabled her to deliver them with grace and propriety.

Aurora, the youngeſt ſiſter, was in her four and twentieth year, and imagination cannot form a finer figure than ſhe was in every reſpect. Her beauty, now in its higheſt luſtre, gave that full ſatisfaction to the eye which younger charms rarely inſpire. She was tall and full formed, but with the utmoſt elegance and ſymmetry in all her limbs; and a certain majeſty, which reſulted from her ſhape, was accompanied with a moſt peculiar ſweetneſs of face; for though ſhe had all the charms, ſhe had none of the inſolence of beauty. As if theſe uncommon perfections of nature were not ſufficient to procure her admirers enough, ſhe had added to them the moſt winning accompliſhments of art; ſhe danced, and ſung, and played, like an angel; her voice, naturally clear, full, and melodious, had been improved under the beſt Italian maſters; and ſhe was ready to oblige people with her muſic, on the ſlighteſt intimation that it would be agreeable, without any airs of ſhyneſs, and unſeaſonable modeſty. Indeed, affectation never entered into any one of her geſtures; and whatſoever ſhe did, was with that generous freedom of manner, which denotes a good underſtanding, as well as an honeſt heart. Her temper was cheerful in the higheſt degree, and ſhe had a moſt uncommon flow of ſpirits and good humour, which

ſeldom deſerted her in any place or company. At a ball ſhe was extremely joyous and ſpirited, and the pleaſure ſhe gave to her beholders could only be exceeded by that unbounded happineſs with which ſhe inſpired her partner. Yet though her genius led her to be lively, and a little romantic, whoever converſed with her in private admired her good ſenſe, and heard reflections from her which plainly ſhewed ſhe had often exerciſed her underſtanding on the moſt ſerious ſubjects.

A woman ſo beautiful in her perſon, and excellent in her accompliſhments, could not fail of attracting lovers in great abundance; and as the characters of ſome of her admirers may perhaps not be unentertaining, we will give the reader a little ſketch of two of them, from among a great variety.

And firſt, let us pay our compliments to Count Tag, who had merited a title by his exploits; which, perhaps, is not the moſt uſual ſtep to honour, but always moſt reſpectable whenever it happens. It is true he had no patent to ſhew for his nobility, which depended entirely on the *arbitrium popularis auræ*, the fickleneſs of popular applauſe; but the ſame arts which had procured him his title, he truſted to for the preſervation of it. He had indeed taken great pains to be a coxcomb of diſtinguiſhed reputation, and, by the help of uncommon talents this way, was now arrived at the full extent of his wiſhes.—Having eſtabliſhed a large acquaintance among people of faſhion, who admitted him for the ſake of laughing at him, he really fancied himſelf one of their number, and had long ago thought proper to forget his family and primæval meanneſs. But that the reader may know by what ſteps he roſe to the conſpicuous ſtation of ridicule he now poſſeſſed, let us trace him in his progreſs to it.

Count Tag was the ſon of a brewer in a great market-town, who having grown rich in trade, was ſeized with the unfortunate ambition of breeding up his ſon a gentleman; for which purpoſe he ſent him firſt to a public ſchool, and afterwards to the univerſity of Oxford. Being here on a level with people much his ſuperiors, the young

young gentleman learned to grow fond of great company, and very early began to calculate the degrees of his happineſs by the number of his faſhionable acquaintance. At laſt his father died, and left him a fortune of about eight thouſand pounds; upon the news whereof he immediately tranſported himſelf from Oxford to London, reſolving to make a bold puſh, as it is called, to introduce him into *life*. He had a ſtrong ambition of becoming a fine gentleman, and cultivating an acquaintance with people of faſhion, which he eſteemed the moſt conſummate character attainable by man, and to that he reſolved to dedicate his days. As his firſt eſſay, therefore, he preſented himſelf every evening in a ſide-box at one of the play-houſes, where he was ready to enter into converſation with any body that would afford him an audience: but was particularly aſſiduous in applying himſelf to young noblemen and men of fortune whom he had formerly known at ſchool, or at the univerſity. By degrees he got footing in two or three families of quality, where he was ſometimes invited to dinner; and having learned the faſhionable topics of diſcourſe, he ſtudied to make himſelf agreeable by entertaining them with the current news of the town. He had the firſt intelligence of a marriage or an intrigue, knew to a moment when the breath went out of a nobleman's body, and publiſhed the ſcandal of a maſquerade or a ridotta ſooner by half an hour at leaſt than any other public talker in London. He had a copious fluency of language, which made him embelliſh every ſubject he undertook; and a cerain art of talking as minutely and circumſtantially on the moſt trivial ſubjects, as on thoſe of the higheſt importance. He would deſcribe a ſtraw, or a pimple on a lady's face, with all the figures of rhetoric; by which he perſuaded many people to believe him a man of great parts; and ſurely no man's impertinence ever turned to better account. As he conſtantly attended Bath and Tunbridge, and all the public places, he got eaſier acceſs to the tables of the great, and by degrees inſinuated himſelf into all the parties of the ladies; among whom he began to be received

as a conſiderable genius, and quickly became neceſſary in all their drums and aſſemblies.

Finding his ſchemes thus ſucceed almoſt beyond his hopes, he now aſſumed a higher behaviour, and began to fancy himſelf a man of quality from the company he kept. With this view he thought proper to forget his old acquaintance; whoſe low geniuſes left them groveling in obſcurity, while his ſuperior talents had raiſed him to a familiarity with lords and ladies. If, therefore, any old friend, preſuming on their former intimacy, ventured to accoſt him in the park, he made a formal bow, and begged pardon for leaving him; but really Lady Betty, or Lady Mary was juſt entering the Mall. In ſhort, he always proportioned his reſpect to the rank and fortunes of his company. He would deſert a commoner for a lord, a lord for an earl, an earl for a marquis, and a marquis for a duke. Having thus enrolled himſelf in his own imagination among the nobility, it was not without reaſon that people gave him the ſtyle and title of Count Tag, thinking it a pity that ſuch a genius ſhould be called by the ordinary name of his family.

To ſay this gentleman was in love, would be too great an abuſe of language, for he was in reality incapable of loving any body but himſelf. But vanity and the mode often made him affect attachments to women of celebrated beauty, from whoſe acquaintance he thought he could derive a credit to himſelf. This was his motive for appearing one of the admirers of Aurora, whoſe charms were conſpicuous enough to excite his pride, and that was the only paſſion which the count ever thought of gratifying. He knew how to counterfeit raptures which he never felt, and had all the language of love, without any of its ſentiments.

The other admirer of Aurora, whoſe character we likewiſe promiſed to draw, was one in all reſpects the reverſe of Count Tag, and may very well ſerve as his contraſt. He was a young nobleman about her own age, bleſſed with every perſonal accompliſhment that could render him agreeable, and every good quality that could make him beloved.

beloved. If an excellent underſtanding, improved by competent reading; if the moſt uncommon integrity of mind, joined with the greateſt candour and ſenſibility of heart; if a ſoul paſſionately devoted to the love of truth, which abhorred falſhood and deteſted affectation; if all theſe perfections can render any one the object of eſteem, they all united in forming the character of this amiable young nobleman. But to eſteem him only was paying him but half his due. There was ſomething ſo very open and ſincere in his looks, ſo winning in his converſation, and ſtriking in all his actions, that nobody ever departed from him without a thorough love and admiration of him. He had the moſt agreeable manner of addreſs, improved, but not corrupted, by the civilities of the world; a uniform, unaffected, natural gentility, which put mere politeneſs out of countenance, and left artificial complaiſance at a diſtance. In a word, he had the moſt cordial warmth of heart, the greateſt generoſity of ſentiment, and the trueſt equanimity of temper upon all occaſions in life.

Being inſpired with a paſſion for an agreeable woman, he was neither aſhamed to own it, nor yet did he uſe the ridiculous eulogiums with which coxcombs talk of their miſtreſſes when their imaginations are heated with wine. He did not compare her to the Venus of Medicis, or run into any of thoſe artificial raptures which are almoſt always counterfeited; but whenever he mentioned her name, he ſpoke the language of his heart, and ſpoke of her always with a manlineſs that teſtified the reality and ſincerity of his paſſion. It was impoſſible for a woman not to return the affections of ſo deſerving a lover: Aurora was happy to be the object of his addreſſes, and met them with becoming zeal.

CHAP. III.

The characters of the foregoing chapter exemplified. An irreparable misfortune befalls our hero.

THE two ſiſters had lain longer a bed than uſual the morning after their arrival in town, which was owing to the fatigue of their journey. They had but juſt

finiſhed their breakfaſt by twelve o'clock; Aurora was then ſitting down to her harpſichord, and Theodoſia reading the play-bills for the evening, when the door opened, and Count Tag was uſhered by a ſervant into the room.

When the firſt ceremonies were a little over, and the count had expreſſed the prodigious ſatisfaction he felt in ſeeing them returned to town, he began to enquire what kind of ſeaſon they had had at Bath. 'Why really,' ſaid Theodoſia, 'a very good one, upon the whole; there 'were many agreeable people there, and all of them eaſy 'and ſociable; which made our time paſs away cheer-'fully and pleaſantly enough.'—'You amaze me!' cries the count: 'impoſſible, Madam!—How can it be 'ladies?—I had letters from Lord Marmazet, and Lady 'Betty Scornful, aſſuring me that, except you and them-'ſelves, there were not three human creatures in the 'place. Let me ſee—I have Lady Betty's letter in my 'pocket, I believe, at this moment—Oh, no, upon 'recollection, I put it this morning into my cabinet, 'where I preſerve all my letters of quality.'

Aurora, ſmothering a laugh as well as ſhe could, ſaid ſhe was extremely obliged to Lord Marmazet and Lady Betty for vouchſafing to rank her and her ſiſter in the catalogue of human beings; 'But ſurely,' added ſhe, 'they muſt have been aſleep both of them, when they 'wrote their letters, for the Bath was extremely full.—'Full!' cries the count, interruting her; 'Oh, Madam, 'that is very poſſible, and yet there might be no com-'pany; that is, none of us; nobody that one knows: 'for as to all the tramontanes that come by the croſs 'poſt, we never reckon them any thing but monſters in 'human ſhape, that ſerve to fill up the ſtage of life, like 'cyphers in a play. For inſtance, you often ſee an 'awkward girl, who had ſewed a tail to a gown, and 'pinned two lappets to a night cap, run headlong into 'the rooms with a wild frolty face, as if ſhe was juſt 'come from ſeeding poultry in her father's chicken-yard; 'or you ſee a booby ſquire, with a head reſembling a 'ſtone-ball over a gate-poſt. Now it would be the moſt

'ridiculous

'ridiculous thing in life to call ſuch people com-
'pany. 'Tis the want of titles, and not the want of
'faces, that makes a place empty; for if there is no-
'body one knows, if there are none of us in a place, we
'eſteem all the reſt as mob and rabble.'

Here it was impoſſible for the two ladies any longer to contain their laughter. 'Hold, hold, for Heaven's ſake!' ſaid Theodoſia, interrupting him, 'have a little mercy,
'count, on us poor mortals who are born without titles,
'and don't baniſh us quite from all public places. Con-
'ſider, Sir, though you have been ſo happy as to acquire
'a title, all of us have not the ſame good fortune; and
'muſt we then be reckoned among the mob and rabble
'of life.'

'Oh, by no means!' cries the count; 'you miſunder-
'ſtand me entirely—you are in the polite circle, ladies;
'we reckon you among the quality. Whoever belongs
'to the polite circle, is of the quality. I was only talk-
'ing of the wretched figures who know nobody, and are
'known of nobody; they are the mob and rabble I was
'ſpeaking of.—You, indeed!—no, pardon me.—
'But pray, ladies, who was this Miſs Newcome, this
'great beauty, that made ſuch a figure among you at
'Bath? Was ſhe ever in any of our drums or aſſemblies?'

'No, Sir,' replied Theodoſia; 'it was the firſt time
'of her appearing, I believe, in any public place; ſhe
'came under the protection of Lady Marmazet. She is
'a very agreeable girl, and really exceedingly pretty.
'I often converſed with her, and indeed ſhe promiſes to
'make a very fine woman, if ſhe does not play the fool,
'and throw herſelves away upon that odious, deteſtable
'Griſkin.'

'Aye, that Griſkin, too!' cries the count, 'who is
'that deteſtable Griſkin? I think I am acquainted with
'all the families of any note in England, and yet in my
'days I never heard of Sir Jeremy Griſkin.

'No, Sir,' ſaid Aurora with a ſmile: 'tis impoſſible
'you ſhould know any ſuch Engliſh family, for he gave
out that he came from Ireland; and even there, I fancy,

on,

'one ſhould be pretty much puzzled to find it; for I am 'very apt to ſuſpect that Mr. Griſkin is nothing better 'than a notorious ſharper. We had a report at Bath, 'that he was the ſon of a blind beggar. The truth of 'this, indeed, never came perfectly to light; but ſure 'Lady Marmazet, if ſhe has any friendſhip for the girl, 'muſt be mad to encourage ſuch a match.'

'Abſolutely diſtracted?' cries the count, 'I can't 'imagine what ſhe means by it: and indeed when ſhe 'comes to town, I ſhall rally her ladyſhip for having 'ſuch a beauty in petto, without letting me know any 'thing of the matter.'

While the count was thus diſplaying his own merit and acquaintance with the grand monde, the door opened on a ſudden, and the young lord appeared, whoſe character concluded the preceding chapter. He approached the ladies with a reſpectful bow, and enquired tenderly concerning their health, but addreſſed himſelf rather in a more particular manner to Aurora. Her face immediately changed on his entering the room, and a certain air of affectionate languor took poſſeſſion of her features, which before were a little expreſſive of ſcorn and ridicule: in ſhort, ſhe received him with a ſomething more than complaiſance, and a tone of voice only calculated to convey the ſentiments of love.

But as the delicacy of her paſſion choſe to reveal itſelf as little as poſſible before witneſſes, ſhe ſoon recovered the gaiety of her features, and addreſſing herſelf with a ſmile to her beloved peer—'My lord,' ſaid ſhe, 'you 'are come in excellent time; the count is entertaining 'us here with a very ingenious lecture on what it is we 'are to call the world.'

Count Tag was no ſtranger to his lordſhip, who perfectly knew, and heartily deſpiſed him for his foppery and affectation. Yet he was obliged now and then to ſubmit to a viſit from him; for being in poſſeſſion of a title, the count, who haunted all people of quality, would obtrude himſelf on his acquaintance contrary to his inclination; and good manners, as well as the natural candour

of

of his temper, reſtrained him from expreſſing his deteſtation in too explicit terms. He had, however, no great deſire at preſent to hear him upon a topic where his impertinence would have ſo great a ſcope, and therefore endeavoured to turn the converſation to ſome other ſubject; but the count, whoſe eyes ſparkled, as they always did on the appearance of a man of quality, no ſooner ſaw him ſeated in his chair, than he faſtened himſelf immediately upon him, and began to appeal to his lordſhip for a confirmation of his ſentiments. 'My lord,' ſaid he, 'I was endeavouring to convince the ladies, that if 'there is nobody one knows, none of us, in a public place, 'all the reſt are to be conſidered in the light of porters, 'and oyſter-women. I dare ſay your lordſhip is of the 'ſame opinion.'

'Indeed, Sir, but I am not,' replied his lordſhip; 'and therefore I muſt deſire you would not draw me into 'a participation of any ſuch ſentiments. The language of "people one knows," and "people one does not know," 'is what I very often hear in the world; but it ſeems 'to me the moſt contemptible jargon that ever was in'vented. Indeed, for my own part, I don't underſtand 'it; and therefore, I confeſs, I am not qualified to talk 'about it. Whom, pray, are we to call the people one 'knows?'

'O mon dieu!' cries the count, 'your lordſhip, 'ſurely, can't aſk ſuch a queſtion? The people one 'knows, my lord, are the people who are in a round of 'aſſemblies and public diverſions; people who have the '*ſcavoir vivre*, the *ton de bonne compagnie*, as the French 'call it: in ſhort, people who frize their hair in the 'neweſt faſhion, and have their cloaths made at Paris.'

'And are theſe the only people worth one's regard in 'life?' ſaid his lordſhip.

'Abſolutely, my lord!' cries the count; 'I have no 'manner of idea or conception of any body elſe.'

'Then I am moſt heartily ſorry for you,' cries his lordſhip. 'I can readily allow that people of quality 'muſt, in general, live with one another, the cuſtoms of

'the

'the world in good measure require it: but, surely, our 'station gives us no right to behave with insolence to 'people below us, because they have not their cloaths 'from Paris, or do not *frize* their hair in the newest fa-'shion! And I am sure, if people of quality have no 'such right, it much less becomes the fops and coxcombs 'in fashion, who are but the retainers on people of qua-'lity, who are themselves only in public by permission, 'and can pretend to no merit, but what they derive from 'an acquaintance with their betters. This, surely, is 'the most contemptible of all modern follies! For in-'stance, because a man is permitted to whisper nonsense 'in a Lady Betty's or Lady Mary's ear, in the side-box 'at a play-house, shall he therefore fancy himself privi-'leged to behave with impertinence to people infinitely 'his superiors in merit, who perhaps have not thought 'it worth their while to wriggle themselves into a great 'acquaintance?—What say you Madam?' added he, addressing himself to Theodosia.

'Your observation,' she replied, 'is exceedingly just, 'my lord! But why do you confine it to your own sex? 'Pray let ours come in for a share of the satire! For my 'part, I could name a great many trumpery insignificant 'girls about town, who, having wriggled themselves, 'as you say, into a polite acquaintance, give themselves 'ten times more airs, and are fifty thousand times more 'conceited than the people to whose company they owe 'their pride. I have one now in my thoughts, who is 'throughout a composition of vanity and folly, and has 'been for several years the public jest and ridicule of the 'town for her behaviour.'

All this while the count sat in some confusion: for though he had a wonderful talent, as indeed most people have, at warding off scandal from himself, and applying the satire he met with to his neighbours, he was here so plainly described, that it was hardly possible for him to be mistaken. Aurora saw this; and resolving to complete his confusion—'Count,' said she, 'I have had 'it in my head this many a day to ask you a question.

'Will

'Will you be ſo obliging as to tell me how you came 'by your title?'—'O pardon me! I have no title, Ma- 'dam!' cries the count. 'Mere badinage and ridi- 'cule!—a nick-name given me by ſome of my friends— 'that's all! But another time for that. At preſent, I 'am obliged to call upon Lord Monkeyman, who deſires 'my opinion of ſome pictures he is going to buy; after 'which I ſhall look in upon Lady Betty Vincent, whom 'I poſitively have not ſeen for theſe three days.' Here he roſe up and made all the haſte he could away, being exceedingly glad to eſcape the perſecution which he ſaw was preparing for him.

Little Pompey was witneſs of many of theſe interviews, and began to think himſelf happily ſituated for life. He was a great favourite with Aurora, who careſſed him with the fondeſt tenderneſs, and permitted him to ſleep every night in a chair by her bed-ſide. When ſhe awoke in the morning, ſhe would embrace him with an ardour which the happieſt lover might have envied. Our hero's vanity, perhaps, made him fancy himſelf the genuine object of theſe careſſes, whereas, in reality, he was only the repreſentative of a much nobler creature. In this manner he lived with his new miſtreſs the greateſt part of a winter; and might ſtill have continued in the ſame happy ſituation, had he not ruined himſelf by his own imprudence.

Aurora had been dancing one night at a ridotta with her beloved peer; and retired late to her lodgings, with that vivacity in her looks, and tranſport in her thoughts, which love and pleaſure always inſpire. Animated with delightful preſages of future happineſs, ſhe ſat herſelf down in a chair, to recollect the converſation that had paſſed between them. After this, ſhe went to bed, and reſigned herſelf to the pureſt ſlumbers. She ſlept longer than uſual the next morning; and it ſeemed as if ſome golden dream was pictured in her fancy; for her cheek glowed with unuſual beauty, and her voice ſpontaneouſly pronounced—'My lord, I am wholly yours!' While her imagination was preſenting her with theſe delicious

ideas

ideas, little Pompey, who heard the ſound, and thought ſhe overſlept herſelf, leaped upon the bed, and waked her with his barking. To be interrupted in ſo critical a minute, while ſhe was dreaming of her beloved peer, was an offence ſhe knew not how to pardon. She darted a moſt enraged look at him, and reſolved never to ſee him any more; but diſpoſed of him that very morning to her milliner, who attended her with a new head-dreſs.

Thus was he again removed to new lodgings, and condemned to future adventures.

CHAP. IV.

Another long chapter of characters.

THE fair princeſs of lace and ribands, who now took poſſeſſion of our hero, carried him home in her arms, extremely well pleaſed at her preſent. She quickly grew exceeding fond of him, as all his owners had been before her; and, to expreſs her love, ornamented his neck with a cambrick ruff. The ſight of this happening to pleaſe ſome ladies of quality, who came by accident to the ſhop, they reſolved to imitate it: and from hence aroſe the modern faſhion of ladies wearing ruffs about their necks.

Three or four days after he was ſettled in theſe apartments, as he was friſking and ſporting one morning about the ſhop, a young lady, who lodged in the houſe, came down ſtairs, and accoſted his miſtreſs in the following terms. 'I want to ſee ſome ribbands, if you pleaſe, 'Madam, to match my blue gown; for Lady Bab 'Frightful is to call upon mamma this evening, to carry 'us to the play to ſee Orthellor, Whore of Venus: 'which, they ſay, is one of the fineſt plays that ever 'was acted.'—'Yes, really, Mem, 'tis a very engag-'ing play, to be ſure!' replied the milliner. 'Indeed, 'I think it one of the maſter-pieces of the Engliſh ſtage. 'But you miſtake a little, I fancy, Miſs, in the nam-'ing of it; for Shakeſpeare, I believe, wrote it Othello, 'Moor of Venice. Venice, Mem, is a famous town or 'city, ſomewhere or other, where Othello runs away

'with

'with a rich heireſs in the night-time, and marries her 'privately at the fleet. By very odd luck, he was creat-'ed Lord High-Admiral that very night, and goes out 'to fight the Turks, and takes his wife along with him 'to the wars; and there, Mem, he grows jealous of 'her, only becauſe ſhe happens to have loſt a handker-'chief, which he gave her when he came a courting to 'her. It was a muſlin handkerchief, Mem, ſpotted 'with ſtrawberries; and, becauſe ſhe can't find it, he 'beats her in the moſt unmerciful manner, and at laſt 'ſmothers her between two feather-beds.'—'Does he 'indeed!' cries the young lady. 'Well, I hate a jea-'lous man of all things in nature! A jealous man is 'my particular averſion! But, however, no matter what 'the play is, you know, Ma'am, ſo we do but ſee it; 'for the pleaſure of a play is to ſhew one's ſelf in the 'boxes, and ſee the company, and all that!—Yes, 'Ma'am, this here is the ſort of ribbands I want; only, 'if you pleaſe to let me ſee ſome of a paler blue.'

While the milliner was taking down ſome freſh ban-boxes, the young lady turning round, happened to ſpy Pompey in a corner of the ſhop. 'O heavens!' cries ſhe, as ſoon as ſhe caſt her eyes upon him, 'what a 'delightful little dog is there!—Pray, dear Mrs. Pin-'cuſhion, do tell me how long you have been in poſſeſ-'ſion of that charming little beauty?' Mrs. Pincuſhion replied, that he had been in her poſſeſſion about a week, and was given her by a lady of celebrated beauty, whom ſhe had the honour of ſerving. 'Well, if I am not a-'mazed to think how ſhe could part with him!' cries the young lady. 'Sure, Ma'am, ſhe muſt be a woman 'of no manner of taſte in the world, for I never ſaw 'any thing ſo charmingly handſome ſince the hour I 'was born! Pray, dear Mrs. Pincuſhion, what is his 'name?'

Being informed that he was called Pompey, ſhe ſnatch-ed him up in her arms, kiſſed him with great tranſport, and poured forth the following torrent of nonſenſe upon him. 'Oh you ſweet little Pompey!—You moſt de-

'lightful little Pompey!—you dear heavenly jewel!—'you moſt charming little parroquet! I will kiſs you, 'you little beauty!—I will—I will—I'll kiſs you, and 'hug you, and kiſs you to death!' Then turning again to the milliner—'Dear Mrs. Pincuſhion,' added ſhe, 'you muſt give me leave to carry him up ſtairs, to ſhew 'him to papa and mamma; for in all my days I never 'beheld ſo divine a creature!' Being now ſerved with her blue ribbands, and having received the milliner's conſent to her requeſt, ſhe flew up ſtairs in all imaginable haſte, with the dog in her arms. But before we relate the reception ſhe met with, let us prepare the reader with a ſhort deſcription of her parents.

Sir Thomas Frippery, the father of this young lady, had formerly enjoyed a little poſt in Queen Anne's court, which entitled him to a knighthood in conſequence of his office, though the ſalary of it was very inconſiderable, and by no means equal to the grandeur he affected. On the death of the queen he loſt his employment, and was obliged to retire into the country; where he gave himſelf the airs of a miniſter of ſtate, ſet up for an oracle of politics, and endeavoured to perſuade his country neighbours that he had been very intimate with Lord Oxford, and very deep in the tranſactions of thoſe times.

The ſame ridiculous vanity purſued him through every article of his life: and though his eſtate was known hardly to amount to three hundred pounds a year, he laboured to make people believe that it exceeded as many thouſands. For this purpoſe, whatever he was obliged to do out of frugality, he was ſure to put off with a pretence of taſte, and always diſguiſed his œconomy under the maſque of faſhion and the mode. For inſtance, when he laid down his coach, he boaſted every where how much better it was to hire job-horſes, as occaſion required, than to run the hazard of accidents by keeping them; that coachmen were ſuch villainous raſcals, it was impoſſible to put any confidence in them; that going into dirty ſtables to overlook their management, and treading up to one's knees in horſe-dung, was extremely

tremely diſagreeable to people of faſhion: and therefore, for his part, he had laid down his coach to avoid the trouble and anxiety of keeping horſes.

When his country neighbours dined with him, whoſe ignorance he thought he could impoſe on, he would give them alder-wine, and ſwear it was hermitage, call a gammon of bacon a Bayonne ham, and put off the commoneſt home-made cheeſe for the beſt Parmaſan that ever came into England; which, he ſaid, had been ſent him as a preſent from a young nobleman of his acquaintance then on his travels.

About once in three years he brought his wife and family to town, which ſerved for matter of converſation to them during the two intermediate years that were ſpent in the country; and they looked forward to the winter of pleaſure with as much rapture and expectation as the Rev. Mr. Wh——n, and ſome other chriſtians do to their millennium.

During the time of his reſidence in London, Sir Thomas every morning attended the levees of miniſters, to beg the reſtitution of his old place, or an appointment to a new one; which, he ſaid, he would receive with the moſt grateful acknowledgments, and diſcharge in any manner they ſhould pleaſe to preſcribe. Yet whether it was that his majeſty's miniſters were inſenſible of his merits, or could find no place ſuited to his abilities, the unhappy knight profited little by his court-attendance, and might as well have ſaved himſelf the expence of a triennial journey to London.

But though theſe expeditions did not increaſe his fortune, they added much to his vanity; and he returned into the country new-laden with ſtories to amuſe his ignorant neighbours. He talked of his old friend, my good lord, with the greateſt familiarity, and related converſations that had paſſed at the Duke of ——'s table, with as much circumſtance and particularity, as if he had been preſent at them.

The laſt article of vanity we ſhall mention, were his cloaths; which gives the finiſhing ſtroke to his charac-

ter; for he choſe rather to wear the rags of old finery, which had been made up in the reign of Queen Anne, than to ſubmit to plain cloaths of a modern make and faſhion. He fancied the poor people in his neighbourhood were to be awed with the ſight of tarniſhed lace; and wherever he went, the gold-fringe fell from his perſon ſo plentifully, that you might at any time trace his footſteps by the relics of finery which he left behind him.

Lady Frippery, his accompliſhed ſpouſe, did not fall ſhort of her huſband in any of theſe perfections, but rather improved them with new graces of her own: for having been ſomething of a beauty in her youth, ſhe ſtill retained all the ſcornful airs, and languiſhing diſdain, which ſhe had formerly practiſed to her dying lovers.

They had one only daughter, who having been educated all her life at home under her parents, was now become a maſter-piece of folly, vanity, and impertinence. She had not one geſture or motion that was natural; her mouth never opened without ſome ridiculous grimace; her voice had learnt a tone and accent foreign to itſelf; her eyes ſquinted with endeavouring to look alluring; and all her limbs were diſtorted with affectation. Yet ſhe fancied herſelf ſo well-bred, genteel, and engaging, that it was impoſſible for any man to look on her without admiration, and was always talking about taſte and the mode.

It happened now to be the London-winter with this amiable family; and they were crowded into ſcanty lodgings on a milliner's firſt floor, conſiſting only of a dining-room, a bed-chamber, and a cloſet. The dining-room was ſet apart for the reception of company, Sir Thomas and his lady took poſſeſſion of the chamber, and Miſs ſlept in a little tent-bed occaſionally ſtuffed into the cloſet. Such was the family to whom our hero was now to be introduced.

There is nothing more droll and diverting than the morning-dreſſes of people, who, being exceedingly poor, and yet exceedingly proud, affect to make a great figure with a very little fortune. The expence they are at abroad,

POMPEY THE LITTLE.
Pompey presented to the notice
of Sir Thomas and Lady Prippery
Vide Chapter VI. Page 113.

Drawn by H. Corbould. Printed for C. Cooke, Aug.t 1798. Engraved by C. Warren.

abroad, obliges them to double their frugality at home; and as their chief happineſs conſiſts in diſplaying themſelves to the eye of the world, conſequently when they are out of its eye, nothing is too dirty or too ragged for them to wear. Now as nobody ever had the vanity of appearance more than the family we have been deſcribing, it will eaſily be believed that in their own private apartments, behind the ſcenes of the world, they did not appear to the greateſt advantage. And indeed there was ſomething ſo ſingularly odd in their dreſs and employments, at the moment our hero was preſented to them, that we cannot help endeavouring to ſet their image before the reader.

Sir Thomas was ſhaving himſelf before a looking glaſs in his bed-chamber, habited in the rags of an old night gown, which about thirty years before had been red damaſk. All his face, and more than half his head, were covered with ſoap-ſuds; only on his crown hung a flimſy green ſilk night cap made in the ſhape of a ſugar-loaf. He had on a very dirty night ſhirt, richly tinctured with perſpiration, for he had ſlept in it a fortnight; and over this, a much dirtier ribbed dimity waiſtcoat, which had not viſited the waſh tub for a whole twelvemonth paſt. To finiſh his picture, he wore on his feet a pair of darned blue ſatin ſlippers, made out of the remnants of one of his wife's old petticoats.

So much for Sir Thomas. Cloſe by him ſat his lady, combing her hoary locks before the ſame looking-glaſs, and dreſſed in a ſhort bed-gown, which hardly reached down to her middle. A night-ſhift, which likewiſe had almoſt forgot the waſhing tub, ſhrouded the hidden beauties of her perſon. She was without ſtays, without a hoop, without ruffles, and without any linen about her neck, to hide thoſe redundant charms, which age had a little embrowned.

This was their dreſs and attitude, when their daughter burſt into the room, and earneſtly called upon them to admire the beauties of a lap dog. Her ſudden entrance alarming them with the expectation of ſome mighty mat-

ter, Sir Thomas, in turning haſtily round, had the misfortune to cut himſelf with his razor; which putting him in a paſſion, when he came to know the ridiculous occaſion of all this hurry—'Pox take the girl,' cries he; 'get away, child, and don't interrupt me with your 'lap-dogs. I am in a hurry here to go to court this 'morning, and you take up my time with ſilly tittle-'tattle about a lap-dog. Do you ſee here, fooliſh girl? 'You have made me cut myſelf with your ridiculous 'nonſenſe. Get away I tell you! What a figure do 'you think I ſhall make at the levees with ſuch a ſcar 'upon my face?'

'Bleſs me papa!' cries the young lady, 'I proteſt I 'am vaſtly ſorry for your misfortune, but I'm ſure 'you'll forgive, if you will but look on this delightful, 'heavenly little jewel of a dog.'

'D—mn your little jewel of a dog,' replies the knight; 'pr'ythee ſtand out of my way. I tell you I am in a 'hurry to go to court, and therefore pr'ythee don't 'trouble me with your whelps and your puppy-dogs.'

'O monſtrous! how can you call him ſuch cruel 'names?' cries the daughter. 'I am amazed at you, 'papa, for your "want of taſte." How can any living 'creature be ſo utterly void of *taſte*, as not to admire 'ſuch a beautiful little monkey?—Do, dear mamma! 'look at him. I am ſure you muſt admire him, though 'papa is ſo ſhamefully blind, and ſo utterly void of all 'manner of taſte.'

'Why ſure, my dear, you are mad to-day,' replied the mother; 'one would think you was abſolutely fud-'dled this morning. Taſte indeed! I declare you are 'void of all manner of underſtanding, whatever your 'taſte may be, to interrupt us thus, when you ſee we 'are both in a hurry to be dreſt. Pr'ythee, girl! learn 'a little decency and good manners, before you pretend 'to talk of taſte.'

The young lady being reprimanded thus on both ſides, began to look extremely fooliſh, when a ſervant entered to inform them that Mr. Chace was in the dining-room.

'Ay,

'Ay, ay, go,' cries Sir Thomas, 'go and entertain 'him with your taſte, till I am able to wait on him: 'tell Mr. Chace I happen unfortunately to be dreſſing, 'but I'll be with him in a moment of time.'

Miſs Frippery, then, muttering ſome little ſcorn, hurried into the next room with the dog in her arms, to ſee if ſhe could not perſuade her lover, (for ſo he was) to diſcover more taſte than her parents. And here indeed ſhe had better ſucceſs; for this gentleman, who was a great ſportſman and fox-hunter, was conſequently a great connoiſſeur in dogs; he was likewiſe what is called, 'a 'very pretty young fellow about town,' and had a taſte ſo exactly correſpondent with that of the lady, that it is no wonder they agreed in the ſame objects of admiration. Here follows his character.

Mr. Chace, uſually called Jack Chace among his intimates, poſſeſſed an eſtate of fifteen hundred pounds a year; which was juſt ſufficient to furniſh him with a variety of riding-frocks, jockey-boots, Khevenhuller-hats, and coach-whips. His great ambition was to be deemed a 'jemmy fellow;' for which purpoſe, he appeared always in the morning in a Newmarket frock, decorated with a great number of green, red or blue capes; he wore a ſhort bob wig, neat buck's-ſkin breeches, white ſilk ſtockings, and carried a cane ſwitch in his hand. He kept a phaeton chaiſe, and four 'bay cattle:' a ſtable of hunters, and a pack of hounds in the country. The reputation of being a coachman, and driving a ſet of horſes with ſkill, or in his own phraſe, 'doing his 'buſineſs clean,' he eſteemed the greateſt character in human life, and thought himſelf ſeated on the very pinnacle of glory, when he was mounted up in a high chaiſe at a horſe-race. Newmarket had not a more active ſpirit, where he was frequently his own jockey, and boaſted always as a ſingular accompliſhment, that he did not ride above eight ſtone and a half. Though he was a little man, and not very healthy in his conſtitution, he deſired to be thought capable of the greateſt fatigue, and was always laying wagers of the vaſt journies he could perform

perform in a day. He had likewiſe an ambition to be eſteemed a man of conſummate debauchee, and endeavoured to perſuade you, that he never went to bed without firſt drinking three or four bottles of claret, lying with as many wh—res, and knocking down as many watchmen. In the mornings he attended Mr. Broughton's amphitheatre, and in the evenings, (if he was drunk in time, which indeed he ſeldom failed to be) he came behind the ſcenes of the play-houſe, in the middle of the third act, and there heroically expoſed himſelf to the hiſſes of the galleries. Whenever he met you, he began conſtantly with deſcribing his laſt nights debauch, or related the arrival of a new wh—re upon the town, or entertained you with the exploits of his bay cattle: and if you declined converſing with him on theſe three illuſtrious ſubjects, he ſwore you was a fellow of no ſoul or genius, and ever afterwards ſhunned your company. Having a hunting ſeat in the neighbourhood of Sir Thomas Frippery, he often viſited in the family of that worthy knight, and at laſt made propoſals of marriage to the young lady; which were favourably enough received, as well by her as her parents: who, it muſt be confeſſed, had a very laudable regard for Mr. Chace's eſtate.

To this jemmy young gentleman, who was now ſeated in Sir Thomas's dining-room, Miſs Frippery came running with the dog in her arms, and much ſparkling converſation paſſed between them, which perhaps might not be unentertaining, if we were able to relate it; but as it turned wholly upon polite taſte in dreſs, and the mode, we confeſs ourſelves unequal to ſo difficult and delicate a taſk.

CHAP. V.

A deſcription of a drum.

WE ſhall then paſs over this converſation in the morning, and another of equal brilliancy in the evening at the play of 'Othello or Whore of Venus,' being in haſte to deſcribe an event, which engroſſed the attention of this accompliſhed family for a fortnight, and was matter of converſation to them for a year afterwards.

Lady

Lady Frippery, in imitation of other ladies of rank and quality, was ambitious of having a drum; though the ſmallneſs of her lodgings might well have excuſed her from attempting that modiſh piece of vanity.

A drum is at preſent the higheſt object of female vainglory; the end whereof is to aſſemble as large a mob of quality as can poſſibly be contained in one houſe; and great are the honours paid to that lady who can boaſt of the largeſt crowd. For this purpoſe, a woman of ſuperior rank calculates how many people all the rooms in her houſe laid open can poſſibly hold, and then ſends about two months before hand among the people, one knows, to beſpeak ſuch a number as ſhe thinks will fill them. Hence great emulations ariſe among them, and the candidates for this honour ſue as eagerly for viſitors, as candidates for parliament do for votes at an election: for as it ſometimes happens that two ladies pitch upon the ſame evening for raiſing a riot, it is neceſſary they ſhould beat up in time for volunteers; otherwiſe they may chance to be defrauded of their numbers, and one of them lie under the ignominy of collecting a mob of a hundred only, while the other has the honour of aſſembling a well-dreſſed rabble of three or four hundred; which of courſe breaks the heart of that unfortunate lady, who comes off with this immortal diſgrace.

Now as the actions of people of quality are ſure of being copied, hence it comes to paſs that ladies of inferior rank, reſolving to be in faſhion, take upon them likewiſe to have drums in imitation of their ſuperiors: only there is this difference between the two orders, that the higher call nothing but a crowd a drum, whereas the lower often give that name to the commoneſt parties, and for the ſake of honour call an ordinary viſit an aſſembly.

This was the caſe with Lady Frippery; her acquaintance in town was very ſmall, and it ſeemed improbable that ſhe could aſſemble above a dozen people at moſt; without making any allowance for colds, head-achs, vapours, hyſteric fits, fevers upon the ſpirits, and other female

female indiſpoſitions; yet ſtill ſhe reſolved to have a drum, and the young lady ſeconded her mamma's inclinations ſo vehemently, that Sir Thomas was obliged to comply.

From the moment this great event was reſolved on, all their converſations turned upon it, and it was pleaſant to hear the ſchemes and contrivances they had about it. Their firſt and principal care was to ſecure Lady Bab Frightful, the chief of Lady Frippery's acquaintance, whoſe name was to give a luſtre to the aſſembly. Now Lady Bab being one of the quality, it was poſſible ſhe might have a previous engagement, unleſs ſhe was taken in time; and therefore a card was diſpatched to her in the firſt place, to beſpeak her for ſuch an evening; and it was reſolved, that if any croſs accident prevented her coming, new meaſures ſhould be taken, and the drum ſhould be deferred till another night. Lady Bab returned for anſwer, that ſhe would wait on Lady Frippery, if her health permitted. This dubious kind of meſſage puzzled them in the ſtrangeſt manner, and was worſe than a denial; for without Lady Bab it was impoſſible to proceed, without Lady Bab the aſſembly would make no figure; and yet they were obliged to run the hazard of her not coming, in conſequence of her anſwer. Every day, therefore, they ſent to enquire after her health, and their hopes roſe or fell according to the word that was brought them; till on the day before the drum was to be held, a moſt calamitous piece of news arrived, that Lady Bab *was diſabled by her ſurgeon*, who in cutting her toe-nail, had made an inciſion in her fleſh; yet ſtill ſhe promiſed to be with them, *if it was poſſible for her to hobble abroad.* No language can deſcribe the damp which this fatal meſſage ſtruck into the whole family; but they were obliged to ſubmit with patience, and as a glimpſe of hope ſtill remained, they had nothing left but to put up their prayers for Lady Bab's recovery.

At length the important evening arrived, that was to decide all their expectations and fears. Many conſultations had been held every day, and almoſt every hour of the

day, that things might be perfect and in order, when the time came: yet, notwithſtanding all their precautions, a diſpute aroſe almoſt at the laſt moment, *whether Lady Frippery was to receive her company at the top or bottom of the ſtairs?*

This momentous queſtion begat a warm debate. Her ladyſhip and Miſs contended reſolutely for the top of the ſtairs, Sir Thomas for the bottom, and Mr. Chace, who was preſent, obſerved a neutrality. At length, after a long altercation, the knight was obliged to ſubmit to a majority of voices; though not without condemning his wife and daughter for want of politeneſs. 'My dear,' ſaid he, (taking a pinch of ſnuff with great vehemence) 'I 'am amazed that you can be guilty of ſuch a ſoleciſm 'in breeding: it ſurpriſes me, that you are not ſenſible 'of the impropriety of it. Will it not ſhew much 'greater reſpect and complaiſance to meet your company 'at the bottom of the ſtairs, than to ſtand like an In-'dian queen receiving homage at the top of them?'—'Yes, my dear!' anſwered her ladyſhip; 'but you 'know my territories do not commence till the top of 'the ſtairs; our territories do not begin below ſtairs; 'and it would be very improper for me to go out of my 'own dominions. Don't you ſee that, my dear? I am 'ſurpriſed at your want of comprehenſion to-day, Sir 'Thomas.'—'Well, well, I have given it up,' anſwered he; 'have your own way, child; have your own 'way, my lady, and then you'll be pleaſed, I hope. But 'I am ſure, in my days, people would have met their 'company at the bottom of the ſtairs. When I and 'Lord Oxford were in the miniſtry together, affairs would 'have been very different. But the age has loſt all its 'civility, and people are not half ſo well-bred as they 'were formerly.'

This reflection on modern times piqued the daughter's vanity, who now began to play her part in the debate. 'Yes, papa,' ſaid ſhe; 'but what ſignifies what peo-'ple did formerly? That is nothing at all to us at pre-'ſent, you know; for to be ſure all people were fools

'formerly:

'formerly: I always think people were fools in former 'days. They never did any thing as we do now-a-'days, and therefore it ſtands to reaſon they were all 'fools and idiots. 'Tis very manifeſt they had no 'breeding; and all the world muſt allow, that the 'world never was ſo wiſe, and polite, and ſenſible, and 'clever, as it is at this moment; and, for my part, I 'would not have lived in former days for all the world.' 'Pugh!' ſaid the knight, interrupting her, 'you are a 'little illiterate monkey; you talk without book, child! 'the world is nothing to what it was in my days. Every 'thing is altered for the worſe. The women are not 'near ſo handſome. None of you are comparable to 'your mothers.'—'Nay, there,' ſaid Lady Frippery, interpoſing, 'there, Sir Thomas, I entirely agree with 'you. There you have my conſent with all my heart. 'To be ſure, all the celebrated girls about town are 'mere dowdies, in compariſon of their mothers; and if 'there could be a reſurrection of beauties, they would 'ſhine only like Briſtol ſtones in the company of dia-'monds.'—'Bleſs me, mamma!' cried the young lady, with the tears ſtanding in her eyes, 'how can you talk 'ſo? There never were ſo many fine women in the 'whole world, as there are now in London; and 'tis 'enough to make one burſt out a crying, to hear you 'talk.—Come, Mr. Chace, why don't you ſtand up 'for us modern beauties?'

In the midſt of this converſation, there was a violent rap at the ſtreet-door; whereupon they all flew to the window, crying out eagerly—'There—there is Lady 'Bab! I am ſure 'tis Lady Bab; for I know her foot-'man's rap.' Yet, in ſpite of this knowledge, Lady Bab did not arrive according to their hopes; and it ſeemed as if her ladyſhip had laid a ſcheme to keep them in ſuſpenſe; for of all the people who compoſed this illuſ-trious aſſembly, Lady Bab came the laſt. They took care, however, to inform the company from time to time, that ſhe was expected, by making the ſame ob-ſervation on the arrival of every freſh coach, and ſtill

perſiſting,

perſiſting, that they knew her footman's rap, though they had given ſo many proofs to the contrary. At length, however, Lady Bab Frightful came; and it is impoſſible to expreſs the joy they felt on her appearance; which revived them on a ſudden from the depth of deſpair to the higheſt exaltation of happineſs.

Her ladyſhip's great-toe engroſſed the converſation for the firſt hour, whoſe misfortune was lamented in very pathetic terms by all the company, and many wiſe reflections were made upon the accident which had happened; ſome condemning the ignorance, and others the careleſſneſs of the ſurgeon, who had been guilty of ſuch a treſpaſs on her ladyſhip's fleſh. Some adviſed her to be very careful how ſhe walked upon it; others recommended a larger ſhoe to her ladyſhip; and Lady Flippery, in particular, continued the whole evening to proteſt the vaſt obligations ſhe had to her, for favouring her with her company under ſuch an affliction. But had I an hundred hands, and as many pens, it would be impoſſible to deſcribe the folly of that night; wherefore, begging the reader to ſupply it by the help of his own imagination, I proceed to other parts of this hiſtory.

CHAP. VI.

In which ſeveral things are touched upon.

WHEN this great affair was over, the marriage came next upon the carpet; the celebration of which was fixed for Eaſter week; but Mr. Chace recollecting in time that it would interfere with Newmarket races, procured a reprieve till the week following. At his return from thoſe Olympic games, the nuptials were celebrated before a general aſſembly of their relations, and the happy couple were conducted to bed in public, with great demonſtrations of joy. The bridegroom took poſſeſſion of the bride, and Sir Thomas took poſſeſſion of Mr. Chace's eſtate.

When they had ſhewn their new cloaths a little in London, they ſet out in a body for the country; and in a few days afterwards, the lodgings on the firſt floor

were taken by a lady who paſſed under the fictitious name of Mrs. Caryl. The haſty manner in which ſhe made her agreement, infuſed a ſuſpicion into our milliner from the very beginning; and many circumſtances ſoon concurred to perſuade her, that her new lodger was a wife eloped from her huſband. For beſides that ſhe came into her lodgings late in the evening, ſhe ſeemed to affect a privacy in all her actions, which plainly evidenced, that ſhe was afraid of ſome diſcovery; and this increaſed our milliner's curioſity in proportion as the other ſeemed leſs inclined to gratify it. But an event ſoon happened to confirm her conjectures; for three days after the lady's arrival, a chair ſtopped at the door one evening near ten o'clock, from whence alighted a well-dreſt man about forty years old, who wrapping himſelf up in a red-cloak, proceeded haſtily up ſtairs, as if deſirous to conceal himſelf from obſervation. This adventure ſavoured ſo ſtrongly of intrigue, that it was no wonder our milliner contrived to meet him in the paſſage, to ſatisfy her curioſity with a ſurvey of his features; for people, in whom that paſſion predominates, often find the greateſt conſolation from knowing the ſmalleſt trifles. Pompey was ſtill more inquiſitive than his miſtreſs, and took courage to follow the gentleman into the dining-room, with a deſire, I ſuppoſe, of hearing what paſſed in ſo faſhionable an interview.

The lady roſe from her chair to receive this man of faſhion, who ſaluted her with great complaiſance, and hoped ſhe was pleaſed with her new apartments. 'Yes,' 'my lord,' anſwered ſhe, 'the people are civilized peo-'ple enough, and I believe have no ſuſpicion about me. 'But did they ſee your lordſhip come up ſtairs?'— 'Pon my honour, Madam,' ſaid the peer, 'I can't 'tell: there was a female figure glided by me in the 'paſſage; but whether the creature made remarks or 'not, I did not ſtay to obſerve. Well, Madam, I hope 'now I may give you joy of your eſcape, and I 'dare ſay you will find yourſelf much happier than when 'you was under the ill uſage of a tyrant you deſpiſed.'

The

The lady then related with great pleaſantry, the manner of her eſcape, and the difficulties that attended the execution of it; after which ſhe concluded with ſaying, —'I wonder, my lord, what my huſband is now think-'ing on?'—'Thinking on!' anſwered the peer, 'that 'he's a fool and a blockhead, I hope, Madam, and de-'ſerves to be hanged for abuſing the charms of ſo divine 'a creature. Good God! was it poſſible for him to 'harbour an ill-natured thought, while he had the plea-'ſure of looking on that angelic face?'—'My lord,' ſaid the lady, 'I know I have taken a very ill ſtep in 'the eye of the world; but I have too much ſpirit to 'bear ill-uſage with patience: and let the conſequences 'be what they will, I am determined to ſubmit to 'them, rather than be a ſlave to the ill-humours of a 'man I deſpiſed, hated, and deteſted.'—'Forbear,' 'Madam,' ſaid his lordſhip, 'to think of him; my 'fortune, my intereſt, my ſword, are all devoted to your 'ſervice, and I am ready to execute any command you 'pleaſe to impoſe upon me. But let us call a more a-'greeable topic of converſation.'

Soon after this a light but elegant ſupper was placed upon the table, and the ſervants were ordered to retire; for there are certain ſeaſons when even the great deſire to baniſh oſtentation. The abſent huſband furniſhed them with much raillery, and they pictured to themſelves continually the ſurpriſe he would be in when firſt he diſcovered his wife's elopement; nor did this man of gallantry and faſhion finiſh his amorous viſit till paſt two o'clock in the morning. As he was going down ſtairs, he found himſelf again encountered by the barking of little Pompey, whom he ſnatched up in his arms, and getting haſtily into the chair, that waited for him at the door, carried him off with him to his own houſe.

This accompliſhed perſon was Lord Marmazet, huſband to that lady who was ſo familiar and intimate with the ſharper at Bath. He was a man of conſummate intrigue, a moſt fortunate adventurer with the fair-ſex, and had the reputation of uncommon ſucceſs in his a-

mours. What made this ſucceſs the more extraordinary was, that in perſonal charms he had nothing to boaſt of: nature had given him neither a face or figure to ſtrike the eyes of women; but theſe deficiencies were abundantly recompenſed by a moſt happy turn of wit, a very brilliant imagination, and extenſive knowledge of the world. He had the moſt inſinuating manner of addreſs, the readieſt flow of language, and a certain art of laughing women out of their virtue which few could imitate. It was indeed ſcarce poſſible to withſtand the allurements of his converſation: and what is odd enough, the number of affairs he had been concerned in were ſo far from frightening ladies from his acquaintance, that, on the contrary, it was faſhionable and modiſh to cultivate an intimacy with him. They knew the danger of putting themſelves in his way, and yet were ambitious of giving him opportunities.

The lady we have juſt now ſeen with him, had been his neighbour in the country; a very handſome woman under the tyranny of an ill-natured huſband. This his lordſhip knew; and concluding that her averſion to her huſband would make her an eaſy prey to her lover, watched every opportunity of being alone with her. In theſe ſtolen interviews he employed all his eloquence to ſeduce her, and won upon her ſo much by his flattering repreſentation of things, that at length ſhe courageouſly eloped from her tyrant, and put herſelf into private lodgings under the protection of his lordſhip. The reader need not be told that this ended in the utter ruin of the lady, who finding her reputation loſt, and her paſſionate lover ſoon growing indifferent, took refuge in citron waters, and, by the help of thoſe cordial lenitives of ſorrow, ſoon bade adieu to the world and all its cares.

CHAP. VII.

Matrimonial amuſements.

WHEN our hero waked the next morning, and found himſelf in new apartments, the firſt thing he did was to piſs on a pair of velvet breeches which lay in a chair

chair by his lordſhip's bed-ſide; after which, the door being open, he travelled forth, and performed a much more diſreputable action on a rich Turkey carpet in my lady's dining room. Having thus taken poſſeſſion of his new houſe by theſe two acts of *ſeiſin*, he returned to the bedſide, and repoſed himſelf again to ſleep till his lord ſhould pleaſe to be ſtirring.

About ten o'clock Lord Marmazet raiſed himſelf up in his bed, and rang his bell for ſervants to aſſiſt him in the fatigue of putting on his cloaths. The valet in chief immediately attended, undrew the curtains, and reſpectfully inquired his maſter's pleaſure. In anſwer to which his lordſhip ſignifying that he would get up, Guillaume folded his ſtockings, placed his ſlippers by the bedſide, and was going to preſent him with his breeches, when lo! the crime our hero had been guilty of ſtared him full in the face, and gave ſuch an air of ſurpriſe to his features, that his lordſhip could not help aſking what was the matter. Guillaume then related the miſdemeanor, at which his maſter was ſo far from being angry, that he only laughed at the aſtoniſhment of his valet, and calling the dog upon the bed, careſſed him with as much tenderneſs as if he had performed the moſt meritorious action in the world. Then turning again to his ſervant—'What does the booby ſtare at,' cries he, 'with ſuch amazement? I wiſh to G—d the dog 'had piſſed in thy mouth. Pr'ythee get a freſh pair of 'breeches, and let me riſe—or am I to lie a-bed till 'midnight?'

As ſoon as he was dreſſed in his morning diſhabille, he went down ſtairs to breakfaſt: in which our hero bore him company, and had the honour of eating roll and butter in great magnificence. When breakfaſt was over, he recollected that it might now be time to ſend up compliments to his lady, which he generally performed every morning: and imagining that ſhe would not be diſpleaſed with the preſent of ſo pretty a dog—'Here Guil-'laume,' ſaid he, 'take this little dog and carry him 'up ſtairs to your lady. My compliments, and deſire

'to know how her ladyſhip does this morning. Tell 'her I found him:—pox take him, I don't know where 'I found him! but he is a pretty little fellow, and I 'am ſure ſhe muſt be pleaſed with him.'

Though the reader muſt from hence conclude that Lord and Lady Marmazet repoſed themſelves in different beds at night, he will not, I imagine, be ſurpriſed at ſuch a circumſtance in this accompliſhed and faſhionable age. Her ladyſhip was a woman of great wit, pleaſure, and amour, as well as her huſband, only with a little more reſerve and caution, to ſave appearances with the world. Her familiarity with a ſharper at Bath, may have already given the reader ſome little ſketch of her character; and, for the reſt it will be only neceſſary to inform him that ſhe had ſpent the greateſt part of her life in St. James's pariſh. Her huſband had married her without the temptation of love, becauſe ſhe was a rich heireſs to a noble family; and ſhe had conſented to the match with an equal indifference, only becauſe it preſerved her rank and ſtation in the world. In conſequence, they ſoon grew totally unconcerned about each other; but then, being both of eaſy cheerful tempers, their indifference did not ſour into hatred; on the contrary, they made it a topic of wit, when they met, to rally one another on their mutual amours. Theſe meetings, indeed, were not very frequent, once or twice a week, perhaps, at dinner, at which times they behaved with the utmoſt politeneſs and complaiſance; or, if they rallied, it was done with ſo much gaiety and good-humour, that they only parted with the greater ſpirits to their evening amuſements. In ſhort, his lordſhip purſued his pleaſures without any domeſtic expoſtulations; and her ladyſhip, in return, was permitted to live in all reſpects, as Juvenal expreſſes it, *tanquam vicina mariti*, more like her huſband's neighbour than his wife.

Her ladyſhip was juſt now awake, and taking her morning tea in bed, when Guillaume aſcended the ſtairs, and knocked at her chamber-door. The waiting-gentlewoman being ordered out to ſee who it was, returned

immediately

immediately to the bed-ſide with a dog in her arms, and delivered the meſſage that accompanied him. As her ladyſhip had never in her life diſcovered any fondneſs for theſe four-footed animals, ſhe could not conceive the meaning of ſuch a preſent, and, with ſome diſdain in her countenance, ordered the fellow to carry back his puppies again to his maſter. But when the ſervant was gone down ſtairs, bethinking herſelf that there might be ſome joke in it which ſhe did not perceive, and reſolving not to be out-done by her huſband in wit, ſhe aſked her maid eagerly if there was any ſuch thing as a cat in the houſe. 'A cat, my lady!' cries the waiting-gentlewoman: 'yes, my lady, I believe there is 'ſuch a thing to be found.'—'Well, then,' ſaid her ladyſhip, 'go and catch it directly, and carry it with 'my compliments to his lordſhip. Let him know I am 'infinitely obliged to him for his preſent, and have ſent 'him a cat in return for his dog.'

The maid ſimpered without offering to ſtir, as not indeed conceiving her miſtreſs to be in earneſt; but having the orders repeated to her, ſhe ſet out immediately to fulfil them. After much laughter below ſtairs among the ſervants, a cat at length was catched, and the waiting-maid went with it in her arms to his lordſhip's dreſſing-room. Having rapped at the door and being ordered to enter, with a face half bluſhing and half ſmiling, ſhe delivered her meſſage in the following terms. 'My lady deſires her compliments to your lordſhip, and 'begs the favour of you to accept of *this* in return for 'your dog.' After which, dropping the grave mouſer on the floor, ſhe was preparing to run away with all haſte, being ready to burſt with laughter; but his lordſhip, who was no leſs diverted, called her back, and having entertained himſelf with many jokes on the occaſion, ſent her up ſtairs with a freſh meſſage to her miſtreſs. This was immediately returned on the part of her ladyſhip, and many little pieces of raillery were carried backwards and forwards, which perhaps might not be unentertaining; but as we are ſenſible with what

contempt

contempt theſe little incidents will be received by the reader, if he happens to be a judge, a politician, or an alderman, we ſhall dwell no longer on them, and here put an end to the chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

Deſcribing the miſeries of a garreteer poet.

NOT long after this, as Lord Marmazet was ſitting in his ſtudy, reading ſome papers of ſtate, with our hero under his chair, Guillaume entered the room, and informed him that Mr. Rhymer the poet was below. 'Curſe Mr. Rhymer the poet, and you too, for an 'egregious blockhead!' cries his lordſhip. 'Why the 'devil did you let the fellow in? Tell him his laſt po- 'litical pamphlet is execrable nonſenſe, and unintelligi- 'ble jargon, and I am not at leiſure to ſee him this 'morning.'—'My lord,' replied the valet, 'he begged 'me to preſent his humble duty to your lordſhip, and 'to inform you, that a ſmall gratuity would be very 'acceptable at preſent; for it ſeems his wife is ready 'to lie-in, and he ſays he has not ſixpence to defray the 'expences of her groaning.'—'How!' cries his lord- ſhip, 'has that fellow the impudence to beget chil- 'dren? The dog pretends to be ſtarving, and yet has 'the aſſurance to deal in procreation.—Pr'ythee, Guil- 'laume, what ſort of a woman is his wife? Have you 'ever ſeen her?'—'Yes, my lord,' anſwered the truſty valet, 'I have had the honour of ſeeing the lady; but I 'am afraid ſhe would have no great temptations for 'your lordſhip; for the poor gentlewoman has the mis- 'fortune to ſquint a little, which does not give a very 'bewitching air to her countenance; beſides which, 'ſhe has the accompliſhment of red hair into the bar- 'gain.'—'Well, then,' cries the peer, 'turn the hound 'out of doors, and bid him go to the devil. Pox take 'him! if he had a handſome wife I might be tempted 'to encourage him a little; but how can he expect my 'favours without doing any thing to deſerve them?'— 'Then your lordſhip won't be pleaſed to ſend him a

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'small acknowledgment,' said the valet de chambre.—'No,' replied the peer;' 'I have no money to fling 'away on poets and hackney writers; let the fellow eat 'his own works, if he is hungry.—Hold!—stay!—I 'have thought better of it—Here Guillaume, take this 'little dog, since my wife won't have him, and carry 'him to the poet. My service to the gentleman, and 'desire him to keep him for my sake.'

Guillaume was a man of some little humour, which had promoted him to the dignity of first pimp in ordinary to his lordship, and perceiving that his master had a mind to divert himself this morning with the miseries of an unhappy poet, he resolved that the joke should not be lost in passing through his hands. Taking the dog therefore from his lordship, he made haste down stairs, and accosted the expecting bard in the following manner. 'Sir, his lordship is very busy this morning, and not 'at leisure to see you; but he speaks very kindly of you, 'and begs you would do him the favour to accept of this 'beautiful little Bologna lap-dog.'—'Accept of a lap-'dog!' cried the poet with astonishment; 'bless me! 'what is the matter? Surely there must be some mis-'take, Mr. Guillaume! for I cannot readily conceive of 'what use a Bologna lap-dog can be to me.'—'Sir,' replied the valet de chambre, 'you may depend upon it 'his lordship had some reason for making you this pre-'sent, which it does not become us to guess at.' 'No,' said the bard, 'I would not presume to dive into his 'lordship's councils; but really now, Mr. Guillaume, 'a few guineas in present cash would be rather more 'serviceable than this Bologna lap-dog, and more com-'fortable to my poor wife and children.'—'Sir,' said the valet, 'you must not distrust his lordship's gene-'rosity; great statesmen, Mr. Rhymer, always do things 'in a different manner from the rest of the world: there 'is usually something a little mysterious in their con-'duct: but assure yourself, Sir, this dog will be the 'forerunner of a handsome annuity, and it would be 'the greatest affront imaginable not to receive him.—

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'You muſt never refuſe any thing which the great eſteem a favour, Mr. Rhymer, on any account; even though it ſhould involve you and your family in everlaſting ruin. His lordſhip deſired that you would keep the dog for his ſake, Sir; and therefore you may be ſure he has a particular regard for you, when he ſends you ſuch a memorial of his affection.'

The unhappy poet, finding he could extort nothing from the unfeeling hands of his patron, was obliged to retire with the dog under his arm, and climbed up in a diſconſolate mood to his garret, where he found his wife cooking the ſcrag end of a neck of mutton for dinner. The manſions of this ſon of Apollo were very contracted, and one would have thought it impoſſible for one ſingle room to have ſerved ſo many domeſtic purpoſes; but good houſewifery finds no difficulties, and penury has a thouſand inventions which are unknown to eaſe and wealth. In one corner of theſe poetical apartments ſtood a flock-bed, and underneath it a green jordan preſented itſelf to the eye, which had collected the nocturnal urine of the whole family, conſiſting of Mr. Rhymer, his wife, and two daughters. Three rotten chairs and a half ſeemed to ſtand like traps in various parts of the room, threatening downfals to unwary ſtrangers; and one ſolitary table in the middle of this aerial garret, ſerved to hold the different treaſures of the whole family. There were now lying upon it the firſt act of a comedy, a pair of yellow ſtays, two political pamphlets, a plate of bread and butter, three dirty night-caps, and a volume of miſcellany poems. The lady of the houſe was drowning a neck of mutton, as we before obſerved, in meagre ſoup, and the two daughters ſat in the window mending their father's brown ſtockings with blue worſted. Such were the manſions of Mr. Rhymer the poet, which I heartily recommend to the repeated peruſal of thoſe unhappy gentlemen who feel in themſelves a growing inclination to that miſchievous, damnable, and deſtructive ſcience.

As ſoon as Mr. Rhymer entered the chamber, his wife

wife deſerted her cookery to inquire the ſucceſs of his viſit, on which the comforts of her lying-in ſo much depended: and ſeeing a dog under her huſband's arm—'Bleſs me, my dear!' ſaid ſhe, 'why do you bring 'home that filthy creature to eat up our victuals? 'Thank heaven, we have got more mouths already than 'we can ſatisfy, and I am ſure we want no addition to 'our family.'—'Why, my dear,' anſwered the poet, 'his lordſhip did me the favour to preſent me this morn-'ing with this beautiful little Bologna lap-dog.'—'Preſent you with a lap-dog!' cried the wife, interrupting him, 'what is it you mean, Mr. *Rhymer?*—But, 'however, I am glad his lordſhip was in ſo bountiful a 'humour, for I am ſure then he has given you a purſe 'of guineas to maintain the dog. Well, I vow it was 'a very genteel way of making a preſent, and I ſhall 'love the little fool for his maſter's ſake. Great men 'do things with ſo much addreſs always, that one is 'tranſported as much with their politeneſs as their ge-'neroſity.' Here the unhappy bard ſhook his head, and ſoon undeceived his wife, by informing her of all that had paſſed in his morning's viſit. 'How!' ſaid ſhe, 'no 'money with the dog? Mr. *Rhymer*, I am amazed that 'you would ſubmit to ſuch uſage. Don't you ſee that 'they make a fool, and an aſs, and a laughing-ſtock of 'you? I'll have his brains daſhed out this moment! 'Mr. *Rhymer*, if you had kept on your tallow-chand-'ler's ſhop, I and mine ſhould have had wherewithal to 'live: but you muſt court the draggle-tail muſes for-'ſooth, and a fine proviſion they have made for you! '—Here I expect to be brought to bed every day, and 'you have not money to buy pap and candle.—O curſe 'your lords and your political pamphlets! I am ſure 'I have reaſon to repent the day that ever I married a 'poet.'—'Madam,' ſaid Rhymer, exaſperated at his wife's converſation, 'you ought rather to bleſs the day 'that married you to a gentleman whoſe ſoul deſpiſes 'mechanical trades, and is devoted to the nobleſt ſci-'ence in the univerſe. Poetry, Madam, like virtue,

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'is its own reward; but you have a vulgar notion of 'things, you have an illiberal attachment to money; 'and had rather be frying greaſe in a tallow-chandler's 'ſhop, than liſtening to the divine rhapſodies of the 'Heliconian maids. 'Tis true, Madam, his lordſhip 'has not recompenſed my labours according to expec-'tation this morning: but what of that? he bid me 'proceed in the execution of my deſign; and undoubt-'edly means to reward me. Lords are often deſtitute 'of caſh as well as poets: and perhaps I came upon 'him a little unſeaſonably, when his coffers were empty: 'but I auſpiciate great things from his preſent of a 'dog—A dog, Madam, is the emblem of fidelity.'—'The emblem of a fiddle-ſtick!' cried his wife, inter-rupting him; 'I tell you, Mr. Rhymer, you are a 'fool, and have ruined your family by your ſenſeleſs 'whims and projects. A gentleman, quotha! Yes, 'forſooth, a very fine gentleman truly, that has hardly 'a ſhirt to his back, or a pair of ſhoes to his feet.—'Look at your daughters there in the window, and 'ſee whether they look like gentleman's daughters; and, 'for my part, I have not an under-petticoat that I can 'wear. You have had three plays damned, Mr. Rhy-'mer; and one would think that might have taught 'you a little prudence; but, deuce fetch me, if you 'ſhall write any more; for I'll burn all this nonſenſe 'that lies upon the table.' So ſaying, ſhe flew like a Bacchanal fury at his works, and with ſavage hands was going to commit them to the flames, had ſhe not been interrupted by her huſband's voice, crying out with impatience—'See, ſee, ſee, my dear! the pot 'boils over, and the broth is all running away into the 'fire!' This luckily put an end to their altercation, and poſtponed the ſacrifice that was going to be made; they then ſat down to dinner without a table-cloth, and made a wretched meal, envying one another every mor-ſel that eſcaped their own mouths. And 'tis highly probable poor Pompey would ſoon have fallen a ſacrifice to hunger, and been ſerved up at Mr. Rhymer's poeti-

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cal table, had not an accident luckily happened, to relieve him from this ſcene of miſery, ſqualidneſs, and poeſy.

CHAP. IX.

A poetical feaſt, and ſquabble of authors.

AFTER dinner was over, Mr. Rhymer ſat himſelf down to an epic poem, which was then on the anvil; and his head not being clouded with any fumes of indigeſtion, he worked at it very laboriouſly till eight or nine o'clock in the evening. Then he took his hat, and went out to meet a club of authors, who aſſembled every Monday night at a little dirty dog-hole of a tavern in Shire-Lane, to eat tripe, drink porter, and paſs their judgments on the books of the preceding week. Pompey waited on his maſter; for as Mrs. Rhymer had reſolutely vowed his deſtruction, the good-natured bard did not chuſe to leave him at her mercy.

On their arrival in the club-room, they found there aſſembled a free-thinking writer of moral eſſays, a nothinking ſcribbler of magazines, a Scotch tranſlator of Greek and Latin authors, a Grub-ſtreet bookſeller, and a Fleet parſon. Theſe worthy gentlemen immediately ſurrounded Mr. Rhymer with great vociferation, and began to curſe him for ſtaying ſo long, declaring it would be entirely his fault if the tripe was ſpoiled, which they very much feared. To prevent which, however, they now ordered it to be ſerved up with all poſſible expedition, and on its appearance fell to work with the quickeſt diſpatch. The reader will believe that little or no converſation paſſed among them at table, their mouths being much too buſily employed to have any leiſure for diſcourſe; but when the tripe was quite conſumed, and innumerable ſlices of toaſted cheeſe at the end of it, they then began to exerciſe their tongues as readily as they had before done their teeth.

By odd luck, every one of theſe great advancers of modern literature happened to have a dog attending him; and as the gentlemen drew round the fire after ſupper in

a ring, the dogs likewiſe made an interior ſemicircle, ſitting between the legs of their reſpective maſters. This could not eſcape the obſervation of the company, and many trite reflections began to be made on their fidelity, their attachment to man, and above all, on the felicity of their condition; for a dog ſleeping before a fire, is by all people eſteemed an emblem of complete happineſs. At length they ſtruck into a higher converſation. 'Gentlemen!' ſays the free-thinker, 'I ſhould be glad to 'hear your ſentiments concerning reaſon and inſtinct. 'I have a curious treatiſe now by me, which I deſign 'very ſoon to aſtoniſh the world with. 'Tis upon a 'ſubject perfectly new, and thoſe dogs there put me in 'the head of it. The clergy I know will be up in arms 'againſt me, but no matter; I'll publiſh my opinion in 'ſpite of all the prieſts in Europe.'

Here the Fleet parſon, thinking himſelf concerned, took his pipe from his mouth with great deliberation, and ſaid—'I don't know what your opinions may be, 'but I hope you don't deſign to publiſh any thing to 'the diſadvantage of that ſacred order to which I belong: 'if you do, Sir, I believe you will find pens enough 'ready to anſwer you.'

'Yes, Sir, no doubt I ſhall,' replied the free-thinker; 'and who cares for that? Perhaps you, Sir, may do me 'the honour to be my antagoniſt: but I defy you all; 'I defy the whole body of the prieſthood. Sir, I love 'to advance a paradox; I love a paradox at my heart, 'Sir; and I'll ſhew you ſome ſport very ſhortly.'

'What do you mean by ſport, Sir?' cries the doctor. 'If you write as you talk, I hope you'll be ſet in the 'pillory for your ſport.'

'You are bloody complaiſant, Sir,' returned the free-thinker; 'but I'd have you to know we are not come to 'ſuch a paſs yet in this country, as to perſecute people 'for ſearching after truth. You prieſts, I know, would 'be glad to keep us all in ignorance; but the age won't 'be prieſt ridden any longer. There is a noble ſpirit 'and freedom of inquiry now ſubſiſting in the nation;

'people

'people are determined to canvaſs things freely, and go 'to the bottom of all ſubjects, without regarding baſe 'prejudices of education. The ſhops abound with a 'number of fine treatiſes written every day againſt re-'ligion, to the honour and glory of the nation.'

'To it's ſhame and damnation rather,' cries the Fleet parſon. 'But what is your paradox, Sir?'

'Why this is my paradox, Sir,' replied the free-thinker: 'I undertake to prove that brutes think, and 'have intellectual faculties. That perhaps you'll ſay is 'no novelty, becauſe many others have aſſerted the ſame 'thing before me: but I go farther, Sir; and maintain 'that they are reaſonable creatures, and moral agents.'

'And I will maintain that they are mere machines,' cries the parſon, 'againſt you, and all the atheiſts in the 'world. Sir, you may be aſhamed to proſtitute the 'noble faculty of reaſon to the beaſts of the field.'

'Don't tell me of reaſon,' ſaid the free-thinker; 'I 'don't care one halfpenny for reaſon. What is reaſon, 'Sir?'

'What is reaſon, Sir?' reſumed the doctor; 'why 'reaſon, Sir, is a moſt noble faculty of the ſoul, the 'nobleſt of all the faculties. It diſcerns and abſtracts, 'and compares and compounds, and all that.'

'And roaſts eggs too, does it not? you forget one of 'its noble faculties,' cries the other: 'but I will main-'tain that brutes are capable of reaſon, and they have 'given manifeſt proofs of it. Did you never hear of 'Mr. Locke's parrot, Sir, that held a very rational 'converſation with prince Maurice for half an hour to-'gether? What ſay you to that, Sir?'

'By my faith, gentlemen,' ſaid the Scotch tranſlator, interrupting them, 'upon my word you are got here 'into a very deep myſterious queſtion, which I do not 'very well underſtand what to make of; but by my 'faith I have always thought brutes to have ſomething 'particular in the intellectual faculties of their ſouls, 'ever ſince I read what d'ye call um there—The Ro-'man hiſtorian; for why? you know he tells us how the

'geeſe diſcovered to the Romans that the Gauls were 'coming to plunder the Capitol. Now, by my ſaul, 'they muſt have been a d—mn'd ſenſible flock of geeſe, 'and very great lovers of their country too, which let 'me tell you is the greateſt virtue under heaven. Be-'ſides, doth not Homer teach us, that Ulyſſes's dog 'Argus knew his old maſter at his return home, after 'he had been abſent ten or twelve years at the ſiege of 'Troy? Now, by Jove, he was a plaguy cunning dog, 'and had a deviliſh good memory, otherwiſe he could 'not have remembered his old chrony ſo long.'

Before the Scotchman had finiſhed his ſpeech, the two other diſputants, whoſe ſpirits were kindled with controverſy, reſumed their argument, and fell upon one another again with ſo much impetuoſity, that no voices could be heard but their own. The ſcene which now enſued conſiſted chiefly of noiſe and ſcolding, equal to any thing that paſſes among the orators at Robin Hood's ale-houſe. In ſhort, there was not a ſcurrilous term in the Engliſh language, which was not vented on this occaſion; till at length, the Fleet parſon, heated with rage and beer, flung his pipe at his antagoniſt, and was proceeding to blows, had he not been reſtrained by the reſt of the company. The feſtivity of the evening being by this means deſtroyed, the club ſoon afterwards broke up, and the ſeveral members of it retired to their ſeveral garrets.

As Mr. Rhymer was walking home in a penſive mood, wrapped up in contemplation on the ſtars of heaven, and perhaps forgetting for a few moments that he had but three-pence halfpenny in his pocket, two young gentlemen of the town, who were upon the hunt after amorous game, followed cloſe at his heels. They quickly ſmoaked him for a queer fiſh, as the phraſe is, and began to hope for ſome diverſion at his expence. The moon now ſhone very bright; and Mr. Rhymer, whoſe eyes were fixed with rapture on that glorious luminary, began to apoſtrophize her in ſome poetical ſtrains from Milton, which he repeated with great emphaſis aloud. In the midſt of this, the two gentlemen broke out into a profuſe fit of laughter,

laughter, at which the bard turned round in ſurpriſe; but ſoon recovering himſelf, he caſt a moſt contemptuous look at them for their ignorance and want of taſte. However, as the chain of ideas in his mind was by this means diſturbed, he thought it moſt adviſeable to make the beſt of his way home, and for that purpoſe called Pompey to follow him. Pompey indeed made many efforts, and ſeemed deſirous to obey; but in vain the poet called, in vain the dog endeavoured to follow; and it was a long while before Mr. Rhymer, whoſe thoughts were a little muddled with contemplation and porter, found out that the two gentlemen had tied a handkerchief round his neck. He then ſtopped to demand his property, but finding himſelf pretty roughly handled, he began to think his own perſon in danger. Taking to his heels, therefore, he ran away with the utmoſt precipitation, and left his dog behind him; who on his part was not at all ſorry to be delivered from ſuch a maſter.

CHAP. X.

Our hero goes to the univerſity of Cambridge.

FROM the ſtreet, where this fray happened, our hero was introduced to a bagnio, where the two young gentlemen, his new maſters, ſpent their night in the delights of love: and the next morning he ſet out with one of them for the univerſity of Cambridge.

The young Cantab, who now took poſſeſſion of him, had come up to London upon a ſcheme, as it is called, to treat himſelf with a maſquerade and other diverſions of the town: for being a genleman of a lively, enterprizing temper, he could not brook the dull reſtraints of a collegiate life, and ſeldom reſided there above three or four days at a time.

He had received the firſt part of his education at Weſtminſter ſchool, where he had acquired what is uſually called 'a very pretty knowledge of the town;' that is to ſay, had been introduced, at the age of thirteen, into the moſt noted bagnios, was acquainted with the moſt celebrated women of pleaſure, and could drink his two bot-

tles of claret in an evening, without being greatly disordered in his underſtanding. At the age of ſeventeen, it was judged proper for him, merely out of faſhion, and to be like other young gentlemen of his acquaintance, to take lodgings at an univerſity; whither he went with a hearty contempt for the place, and a determined reſolution never to receive any profit from it.

He had been admitted under a tutor, who knew no more of the world than if he had been bred up in a foreſt, and whoſe ſour pedantic genius was ill qualified to cope with the vivacity and ſpirit of a young gentleman, warm in the purſuit of pleaſure, and one who required much addreſs, and very artful management, to make any kind of reſtraint palatable and eaſy to him.

He had been admitted into the rank of a fellow-commoner, which, according to the definition given by a member of the univerſity in a court of juſtice, is one who ſits at the ſame table, and enjoys the converſation of the fellows. It differs from what is called a gentleman-commoner at Oxford, not only in the name, but alſo in the greater privileges and licences indulged to the members of this order; who do not only 'enjoy the converſation 'of the fellows,' but likewiſe a full liberty of following their own imaginations in every thing. For as tutors and governors of colleges have uſually pretty ſagacious noſes after preferment, they think it impolitic to croſs the inclinations of young gentlemen who are heirs to great eſtates, and from whom they expect benefices, and dignities hereafter, as rewards for their 'want of care of them,' while they were under their protection. From hence it comes to paſs, that pupils of this rank are excuſed from all public exerciſes, and allowed to abſent themſelves at pleaſure from the private lectures in their tutor's rooms, as often as they have made a party for hunting, or an engagement at the tennis-court, or are not well recovered from their evening's debauch. And whilſt a poor unhappy ſoph, of no fortune, is often expelled for the moſt trifling offences, or merely to humour the capricious reſentment of his tutor, who happens to

diſlike

diſlike his face; young noblemen, and heirs of great eſtates, may commit any illegalities, and, if they pleaſe, overturn a college with impunity.

There is nothing ſo wild and ungovernable as a boy juſt broke looſe from ſchool, and taking his firſt flight of liberty at an univerſity. This is the caſe with thoſe who have been bred up at private ſchools under ſome reſtraint: but as to Pompey's maſter, his ſchool-education had ſet him very forward in the world, and he came to Cambridge much riper than other people leave it. From the firſt moment he diſtinguiſhed himſelf for his intrepid ſpirit, and was quickly choſen captain general by his comrades, in all their parties of pleaſure and expeditions of jollity. Many pranks are recorded of his performing, which made the place reſound with his name; but one of his exploits being attended with circumſtances of a very droll nature we cannot forbear relating it.

There was, in the ſame college, a young maſter of arts, Williams by name, who had been elected in the ſociety, in preference to one of greater genius and learning, becauſe he uſed to make a lower bow to the fellows, whenever he paſſed by them, and was not likely to diſgrace any of his ſeniors by the ſuperiority of his parts. This gentleman concluding now there was no farther occaſion of ſtudy, after he had obtained a fellowſhip, which had long been the object of his ambition, gave himſelf over to purſuits more agreeable to his temper, and ſpent the chief of his time in drinking tea with barber's daughters, and other young ladies of faſhion in the univerſity, who there take to themſelves the name of Miſſes, and receive amorous gownſmen at their ruelles. For nothing more is neceſſary to accompliſh a young lady at Cambridge than a ſecond-hand capuchin, a white waſhing-gown, a pair of dirty ſilk-ſhoes, and long muſlin ruffles; in which dreſs they take the air in public-walks every Sunday, to make conqueſts, and receive their admirers all the reſt of the week at their tea-tables. Now Williams, having a great deal of dangling good-nature about him, was very ſucceſsful in winning the affections of

theſe academical miſſes, and had a large acquaintance among them. The three Miſs Higgins's, whoſe mother kept the Sun Tavern; Miſs Polly Jackſon, a baker's daughter; the celebrated Fanny Hill, ſole heireſs of a taylor; and Miſs Jenny of the coffee-houſe; were all great admirers of our college-gallant; and Fame reported, that he had admiſſion to ſome of their bed-chambers, as well as to their tea-tables. Upon this preſumption, our young fellow commoner laid his head together with other young gentlemen, his comrades, to play him a trick, which we now proceed to diſcloſe.

About this time, a bed maker of the college was unfortunately brought to-bed, without having any huſband to father the child; and as our maſter of arts was ſuſpected, among others, to have had a ſhare in the generation of the new-born infant, being a gentleman of an amorous nature, it occurred to our fellow-commoner to make the following experiment upon him.

As Mr. Williams was coming out of his chamber one morning early to go to chapel, he found a baſket ſtanding at his door, on the top of his ſtair-caſe, with a direction for himſelf, and a letter tied to the handle of the baſket. He ſtood ſome little time gueſſing from whom ſuch a preſent could come; but as he had expected a parcel from London by the coach for a week before, he naturally concluded this to be the ſame, and that it had been brought by a porter from the inn, and left at his door before he was awake in the morning. With this thought he opened the letter, and read to the following effect.

'HONOURABLE SIR.

'AM ſurprized ſhould uſe me in ſuch a manner; have 'never ſeen one farthing of your money ſince was 'brought to-bed, which is a ſhame, and a wicked ſin. 'Wherefore have ſent you your own baſtard to provide 'for; and am your dutiful ſervant to command, tell 'death. 'BETTY TROLLOP.'

The aſtoniſhment which ſeized our maſter of arts at the perusal of this letter may eaſily be imagined, but not

ſo

ſo eaſily deſcribed! he turned pale, ſtaggered, and looked like Banquo's ghoſt in the play, but as his conſcience excuſed him from the crime laid to his charge, he reſolved, as ſoon as his confuſion would ſuffer him to reſolve, to make a public example of the wretch that had dared to lay her iniquities at his door. To this end, as ſoon as chapel was over, he deſired the maſter of the college to convene all the fellows in the common-room; for, he ſaid, he had an affair of great conſequence to lay before them. When the reverend divan was met according to his deſire, he produced the baſket, and with an audible voice read the letter which had been annexed to it: after which, he made a long oration on the unparalleled impudence of the harlot who had attempted to ſcandalize him in this audacious manner; and concluded with deſiring the moſt exemplary puniſhment might be inflicted on her; for, he ſaid, unleſs they diſcouraged ſuch a piece of villany with proper ſeverity, it might hereafter be their own lots, if they were remiſs in puniſhing the preſent offender. They all heard him with great aſtoniſhment, and many of them ſeemed to rejoice inwardly that the baſket had not travelled to their doors; as thinking, perhaps, it would have been unfatherly and unnatural to have refuſed it admittance. At length, it was ordered to be unpacked; which was performed by the butler of the college, in preſence of the whole fraternity; when lo! inſtead of a child puling and crying for its father, out leaped Pompey, the little hero of this little hiſtory; who had been incloſed in that oſier confinement by his young maſter, and conveyed very early in the morning to Mr. Williams's chamber door. The grave aſſembly were aſtoniſhed and enraged at the diſcovery, finding themſelves convened only to be ridiculed; and all of them gazed on our hero with the ſame kind of aſpect, as did the daughters of Cecrops on the deformed Erichthonius, when their curioſity tempted them to peep into the baſket which Minerva had put into their hands with poſitive commands to the contrary.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Adventures at Cambridge.

WILLIAMS, though much aſhamed and out of countenance, was yet in his heart very glad to be relieved from the apprehenſions of maintaining a baſtard, which he imagined would add no great luſtre to his reputation as fellow of a college. When, therefore, little Pompey eſcaped out of his wicker priſon, he was in reality pleaſed with the diſcovery, which put an end to his fears, and feigning himſelf diverted with the thing, took the little dog home to his own chambers.

This was an adventure of the comic kind, attended with no ill conſequences to our hero; but we now proceed to relate one of a very tragic nature indeed, which Fortune ſeems to have reſerved in ſtore, as the utmoſt ſtretch of her malice, to complete the miſeries of his unhappy life.

There flouriſhed in this college, or rather was beginning to flouriſh, a young phyſician, who now ſtood candidate for fame and practice. He had equipped himſelf with a gilt-headed cane, a black ſuit of cloaths, a wiſe myſterious face, a full-bottomed flowing peruke, and all other externals of his profeſſion: ſo that if, according to the inimitable Swift, the various members of a commonwealth are only ſo many different ſuits of cloaths, this gentleman was amply qualified for the diſcharge of his office. But not chuſing to rely totally on his dreſs to introduce him into buſineſs, he was willing to add to it a ſupplemental, and, as many think, ſuperfluous knowledge of his art.

About this time, a member of the univerſity died in great torments of the iliac paſſion, and ſome peculiarities in his caſe made a noiſe among the faculty at Cambridge. The theory of this terrible diſorder, cauſed by the ceſſation of the periſtaltic motion of the guts, our young doctor very well underſtood: but not contenting himſelf with theory only, he reſolved to go a ſtep farther, and for this purpoſe caſt his eyes about after ſome dog; intending to diſſect him alive for the ſatisfaction of his curioſity.

A dog

A dog might have been the emblematic animal of Eſculapius or Apollo, with as much propriety as he was of Mercury; for no creatures, I believe, have been of more eminent ſervice to the healing tribe than dogs. Incredible is the number of theſe animals who have been ſacrificed from time to time, at the ſhrines of phyſic and ſurgery. Lectures of anatomy ſubſiſt by their deſtruction: Ward (ſays Mr. Pope) tried his drop on puppies and the poor; and, in general, all new medicines and experiments of a doubtful nature are ſure to be made in the firſt place on the bodies of theſe unfortunate animals. Their very ordure is one of the chief articles of the Materia Medica; and I am perſuaded, if the old Egyptians had any phyſician among them, they certainly deſcribed him by the hieroglyphic of a dog.

But, not to ſpend too much time in theſe conjectures, our young doctor had no ſooner reſolved to ſatisfy himſelf concerning the periſtaltic motion of the guts, than unluckily, in an evil hour, Pompey preſented himſelf to his eye. More unluckily for him ſtill, neither his maſter, Mr. Williams, nor any other of his college-friends, happened to be preſent, or within view, at this moment. Machaon, therefore, very boldly ſeized him as a victim, and conveyed him into a little dark place near his room, which he called his cellar, and in which he kept his wine. There he ſhut him up three or four days in the condemned hole, while he prepared his chirurgical inſtruments, and invited ſome other young practitioners in phyſic of his acquaintance to be preſent at our hero's diſſection.

The day being ſoon appointed for his death, the company aſſembled at their friend's room in the morning at breakfaſt, where much ſapient diſcourſe paſſed among them concerning the operation in hand, not material to be now related. At length cries the hero of the party—'Come, gentlemen! we ſeem, I think, to have finiſhed 'our breakfaſts; let us now proceed to buſineſs.' After which, the tea-things were removed, the inſtruments

of

of diſſection placed on the table, and the doctor went to his cellar to bring forth the unhappy victim.

And here, good-natured reader, I am ſure it moves thy compaſſion to think that poor Pompey, after ſuffering already ſo many misfortunes, muſt at laſt be diſſected alive to ſatisfy a phyſician concerning the periſtaltic motion of the guts. The caſe would, indeed, be lamentable, if it had happened: but when the doctor came to call him forth to execution, to his great ſurpriſe, no dog was there to be found. He found, however, ſomething elſe not entirely to his ſatisfaction; and that was, his wine ſtreaming in great profuſion about his cellar. The truth is, our hero, being grown deſperate with hunger, had, in his ſtruggles for liberty, broke all the bottles, and at laſt forcibly gnawed his way through a deal-board that compoſed one ſide of the cellar. The danger, however, which he had been in, made him ſick of univerſities; and he wiſhed earneſtly for an accident, which ſoon happened, to relieve him from an academic life.

CHAP. XII.

The character of a maſter of arts at an univerſity.

ABOUT this time, three ladies and a gentleman happened to be returning out of the north; and having never ſeen Cambridge, were inclined to make it in their way to London. The gentleman whom they had been viſiting in the country, knowing this reſolution, ſent a letter before-hand to Mr. Williams, who had been his fellow-collegiate, in which he advertiſed him of the arrival of the party, and deſired him to be aſſiſtant in ſhewing them the curioſities of Cambridge. And this gives us an opportunity of explaining ſome farther particulars in that gentleman's character, being not an uncommon one, I believe, in either of our univerſities.

If we were in a hurry to deſcribe him, it might be done effectually in two or three words, by calling him a moſt egregious trifler; but as we have leiſure to be a little more circumſtantial, the reader ſhall be troubled with a day's journal of his actions. Mr.

Mr. Williams was, in the firſt place, a man of the moſt punctilious neatneſs; his ſhoes were always blacked in the niceſt manner, his wigs were powdered with the exacteſt delicacy, and he would ſcold his laundreſs for a whole morning together, if he diſcovered a wry plait in the ſleeve of his ſhirt, or the leaſt ſpeck of dirt no any part of his linen. He roſe conſtantly to chapel, and proceeded afterwards, with great importance, to breakfaſt, which, moderately ſpeaking, took up two hours of his morning. When this was over, he amuſed himſelf either in paring his nails, or watering two or three orange-trees, which he kept in his chamber; or in tilling a little ſpot of ground, about ſix feet ſquare, which he called his garden; or of changing the ſituation of the few books in his ſtudy. The Spectators were removed into the place of the Tatlers, and the Tatlers into the place of the Spectators. But, generally ſpeaking, he drew on his boots immediately after breakfaſt, and rode out for the air, having been told that a ſedentary life is deſtructive of the conſtitution, and that too much ſtudy impairs the health. At his return home, he had barely time to waſh his hands, clean his teeth, and put on a freſh-powdered wig, before the college bell ſummoned him to dinner in the public-hall. His afternoons were ſpent in drinking tea with the young ladies abovementioned, who all eſteemed him a prodigious genius, and were ready to laugh at his wit before he opened his mouth. In theſe agreeable viſits he remained till the time of evening-chapel; after which, ſupper ſucceeded to find him freſh employment; from whence he repaired to the coffee-houſe, and then to ſome engagement at a friend's room, for the remaining part of the evening. By this account of his day's tranſactions, the reader will ſee how very impoſſible it was for him to find leiſure for ſtudy, in the midſt of ſo many important avocations; yet, notwithſtanding this great variety of buſineſs, he made a ſhift ſometimes to play half a tune on the German-flute in a morning; and once in a quarter of a year took

the pains to tranſcribble a ſermon out of various authors.

Another part of his character was a great affectation of politeneſs, which is more pretended to in univerſities, where leſs of it is practiſed than in any other part of the kingdom. Thus Mr. Williams was always talking of genteel life; to which end he was plentifully provided with ſtories by a female couſin, who kept a milliner's ſhop in London, and never failed to let him know, by letters, what paſſed among the great; though ſhe frequently miſtook the names of people, and attributed ſcandal to one lord, which was the property of another. Her couſin, however, did not find out the miſtakes, but retailed her blunders about the colleges with great confidence and ſecurity.

But nothing pleaſed him more than ſhewing the univerſity to ſtrangers, and eſpecially to ladies, which, he thought, gave him an air of acquaintance with the genteel world; and on ſuch occaſions he would affect to make expenſive entertainments, which neither his private fortune, or the income of his fellowſhip, could afford.

To this gentleman the party we have before ſpoken of was recommended; and he had lived in expectation of their coming for ſeveral days together, in conſequence of his friend's letter. At length they arrived, and ſent him a meſſage from their inn, deſiring the favor of his company at ſupper. This he no ſooner received, than he poſted away with all imaginable diſpatch, and, with many academical compliments, welcomed them to Cambridge. Nor did he depart to his college, till he had made them promiſe to dine with him at his chambers the ſucceeding day.

Early, then, the next morning, he roſe with the lark, and held a conſultation with the college-cook concerning the entertainment; for as he had never yet been honoured with company of ſo high a rank, he reſolved to do what was handſome, and ſend them away with an opinion of his politeneſs. Among many other devices he had to be genteel, one very well deſerves men-

mentioning, being of a very academical nature indeed; for he was at the expence of purchaſing a China vaſe of a certain ſhape, which ſometimes paſſes under a more vulgar name, to ſet in his bed-chamber; that, if the ladies ſhould chuſe to retire after dinner, for the ſake of looking at the pattern of his bed, or to ſee the proſpect out of his window, or from any other motive of curioſity, they might have the pleaſure of being ſerved in China.

When theſe affairs were ſettled, he dreſſed himſelf in his beſt array, and went to bid the ladies good-morrow. As ſoon as they had breakfaſted, he conducted them about the univerſity, and ſhewed them all the rarities of Cambridge. They obſerved, that ſuch a thing was very grand, that another thing was very neat, and that there were a great many books in the libraries, which they thought it impoſſible for any man to read through, though he was to live as long as Methuſelah.

When their curioſity was ſatisfied, and Williams had indulged every wiſh of vanity, in being ſeen to eſcort ladies about the univerſity, and to hand them out of their coach, they all retired to his chambers to dinner. Much converſation paſſed not worth recording; and when the cloth was taken away, little Pompey was produced on the table for the ladies to admire him. They were greatly ſtruck with his beauty; and one of them took courage to aſk him as a preſent; which the complaiſant Maſter of Arts, in his great civility, complied with, and immediately delivered him into the lady's hands. He likewiſe related the ſtory how he came into his poſſeſſion, which another perſon perhaps would have ſuppreſſed; but Williams was ſo tranſported with his company, that he was half out of his wits with joy: and his converſation was as ridiculous as his behaviour.

CHAP. XIII.

Pompey returns to London, and occaſions a remarkable Diſpute in the Mall.

ONCE more then our hero ſet out for the metropolis of Great Britain, and after an eaſy journey of two

days arrived at a certain ſquare, where his miſtreſſes kept their court. To theſe ladies, not improperly, might be applied the queſtion which Archer aſks in the play—'Pray, which of you three is the old lady?' the mother being full as youthful and airy as the daughters, and the daughters almoſt as ancient as the mother.

Now, as fortune often diſpoſes things in the moſt whimſical and ſurpriſing manner, ſo it happened, that one of his miſtreſſes took him with her one morning into St. James's Park, and ſet him down on his legs, almoſt in the very ſame part of the Mall from whence he had formerly made his eſcape from Lady Tempeſt, near eight years before, as is recorded in the firſt part of his hiſtory. Her Ladyſhip was walking this morning for the air, and happened to paſs by almoſt at the very inſtant that the little adventurer was ſet on his legs to take his diverſion. She eſpied him in a moment, with great quickneſs of diſcernment; and immediately recollecting her old acquaintance, caught him up in her arms, and fell to kiſſing him with the higheſt extravagance of joy. His preſent owner perceiving this, and thinking only that the lady was pleaſed with the beauty of her dog, and had a mind to compliment him with a few kiſſes, paſſed on without interrupting her; but when ſhe ſaw her ladyſhip preparing to carry him out of the Mall in her arms, ſhe advanced haſtily towards her, and re-demanded her favourite in the following terms:—'Pray, 'Madam, what is your ladyſhip going to do with that 'dog?' Lady Tempeſt replied—'Nothing in the 'world, Madam, but take him home with me.'—'And 'pray, Madam, what right has your ladyſhip to take a 'dog that belongs to me?'—'None, my dear!' anſwered Lady Tempeſt; 'but I take him, child, becauſe he be-'longs to me.'—''Tis falſe!' ſaid the other lady; 'I 'aver it to be falſe! He was given me by a gentleman 'of Cambridge; and I inſiſt upon your ladyſhip's 'replacing him upon his legs this individual mo-'ment!'——To this Lady Tempeſt replied only with a ſneer, and was walking off with our hero; which ſo greatly

greatly aggravated the rage of her antagoniſt, that ſhe now loſt all patience, and began to exert herſelf in a much higher key. 'Madam,' ſaid ſhe, 'I would 'have you to know, Madam, that I am not to be treated 'in this ſuperlative manner! Your ladyſhip may affect 'to ſneer, if you pleaſe, Madam, and ſhew a contempt, 'Madam, which is more due to your own actions 'than to me, Madam; for, thank Heaven, I have 'ſome regard to decency in my actions!'——'Dear 'Miſs, don't be in a paſſion!' replied Lady Tempeſt, 'it will ſpoil your complexion, child, and perhaps ruin 'your fortune! But will you be pleaſed to know, my 'dear, that I loſt this dog eight years ago, in the Mall, 'and advertiſed him in all the newſpapers; though you, 'or your friend at Cambridge, who did me the favour 'to ſteal him, were not ſo obliging as to reſtore him? 'And will you be pleaſed to know, likewiſe, young 'lady, that I have a right to take my property where-'ever I find it.'—'Tis impoſſible!' cried the other lady; ''tis impoſſible to remember a dog after eight 'years' abſence! I aver it to be impoſſible; and no-'thing ſhall perſuade me to believe it!'—'I proteſt, my 'dear,' anſwered Lady Tempeſt, 'I know not what 'ſort of a memory you may be bleſſed with; but really 'I can remember things of a much longer date; and, 'as a freſh inſtance of my memory, I think, my dear, 'I remember you repreſenting the character of a young 'lady for near theſe twenty years about town.'—'Ma-'dam,' returned the lady of inferior rank, now enflamed with the higheſt indignation, 'you may remember your-'ſelf, Madam, repreſenting a much worſe character, 'Madam, for a greater number of years. It would be 'well, Madam, if your memory was not altogether ſo 'good, Madam, unleſs your actions were better.'

The war of tongues now began to rage with the greateſt violence, and nothing was ſpared that wit could ſuggeſt on the one ſide, or malice on the other. The beaux and belles, and witlings, who were walking that morning in the Mall, aſſembled round the combatants,

at first out of curiosity, and for the sake of entertainment, but they soon began to take sides in the dispute, till at length it became one continued scene of wrangle; and no cause in Westminster Hall was ever more puzzled by the multitude of voices, all contending at once for the victory. At last Lady Tempest, scorning this ungenerous altercation, told her adversary—'Well, Madam, if you please 'to scold for the public diversion, pray continue; but for 'my part, I shall no longer make myself a spectacle 'of a mob!' And, so saying, she walked courageously off with little Pompey under her arm. It was impossible for her rival to prevent her, who likewise immediately after quitted the Mall, and flew home, ready to burst with shame, spite and indignation.

Lady Tempest had not been long at her toilette, before the following little scroll was brought to her; and she was informed that a footman waited below, in great hurry, for an answer. The note was to this effect.

'MADAM,

'IF it was possible for me to wonder at any of your 'actions, I should be astonished at your behaviour 'of this morning. Restore my dog by the bearer of this 'letter, or by the living G—d, I will immediately com-'mence a prosecution against you in Chancery, and re-'cover him by force of law. 'Your's——.'

Lady Tempest, without any hesitation, returned the following answer.

'MADAM,

'I HAVE laughed most heartily at your ingenious 'epistle; and am prodigiously diverted with your 'menaces of a law-suit. Pompey shall be ready to put 'in his answer, as soon as he hears your bill is filed 'against him in Chancery. I am, dear Miss, your's,

'TEMPEST.'

CHAP. XIV.

A terrible Misfortune happens to our Hero, which bring his History to a Conclusion.

THIS letter enflamed the lady so much, that she immediately ordered her coach, and drove away to Lin-

Lincoln's Inn, to conſult her ſolicitor. She found him in his chambers, ſurrounded with briefs, and haranguing to two gentlemen, who had made him arbitrator in a very important controverſy, concerning the dilapidations of a pig ſtye. On the arrival of our lady, the man of law ſtarted from his chair, and conducted her with much civility to a ſettee, which ſtood by his fire-ſide: then turning to his two clients, whom he thought he had already treated with a proper quantity of eloquence—'Well, gentlemen,' ſaid he, 'when your reſpective attornies 'have drawn up your ſeveral caſes, let them be ſent to 'me, and I'll give determination upon them with all 'poſſible diſpatch.' This ſpeech had the deſired effect in driving them away; and, as ſoon as they were gone, addreſſing himſelf with an affectation of much politeneſs to the miſtreſs of little Pompey, he began to enquire after the good lady her mother, and the good lady her ſiſter; but our heroine was ſo impatient to open her cauſe, that ſhe hardly allowed herſelf time to anſwer his queſtions before ſhe began in the following manner: 'Sir, I was walking this morning in the Mall, when a 'certain extraordinary lady, whoſe actions are always 'of a very extraordinary nature, was pleaſed, in a moſt 'peculiar manner, to ſteal my lap-dog from me.'—'Steal your lap dog from you, Madam!' ſaid the man of law; 'I proteſt, a very extraordinary tranſaction 'indeed! And pray, Madam, what could induce her 'to be guilty of ſuch a miſbehaviour?'—'Induce her,' cried the lady eagerly; 'Sir, ſhe wants no inducement 'to be guilty of any thing that is audacious and 'impudent. But, Sir, I deſire you would immediately 'commence a ſuit againſt her in Chancery, and puſh 'the affair on with all poſſible rapidity; for I am re'ſolved to recover the dog, if it coſts me ten thouſand 'pounds.' The counſellor ſmiled, and commended her reſolutions; but pauſed a little, and ſeemed puzzled at the novelty of the caſe. 'Madam,' ſaid he, 'un'doubtedly your ladyſhip does right to aſſert your pro'perty; for we ſhould all ſoon be reduced to a ſtate of

nature

'nature, if there were no courts of law; and there-
'fore your ladyſhip is highly to be applauded. But
'there is ſomething very peculiar in the nature of dogs.
'There is no queſtion, Madam, but they are to be con-
'ſidered under the denomination of property, and not
'to be deemed *feræ naturæ*, things of no value, as
'ignorant people fooliſhly imagine. But I ſay, Madam,
'there is ſomething very peculiar in their nature, Ma-
'dam; their prodigious attachment to man, inclines
'them to follow any body that calls them; and that
'makes it ſo difficult to fix a theft. Now, if a man
'calls a ſheep, or calls a cow, or calls a horſe, why he
'might call long enough before they would come, be-
'cauſe they are not creatures of a following nature, and
'therefore our penal laws have made it felony with re-
'ſpect to thoſe animals: but dogs, Madam, have a
'ſtrange undiſtinguiſhed proneneſs to run after people's
'heels.'—'Lord bleſs me, Sir!' ſaid the lady, ſome-
what angry at the orator's declamation, 'what do you
'mean, Sir, by following people's heels? I do proteſt
'and aſſeverate, that ſhe took him up in her arms, and
'carried him away in defiance of me; and the whole
'Mall was witneſs of the theft.'—'Very well, Madam,
'very well,' replied the counſellor: 'I was only ſtating
'the caſe fully on defendant's ſide, that you might have
'a comprehenſive view of the whole affair, before we
'come to unravel it all again, and ſhew the advan-
'tages on the ſide of plaintiff. Now though a dog be
'of a following nature, as I obſerved, and may be
'ſometimes tempted, and ſeduced, and inveigled away,
'in ſuch manner as makes it difficult—do you obſerve
'me—makes it difficult, I ſay, Madam, to fix a theft
'on the perſon ſeducing; yet, wherever property is
'diſcovered and claimed, if the poſſeſſor refuſes to re-
'ſtore it on demand—on demand I ſay, becauſe demand
'muſt be made—refuſes to reſtore it, on demand, to
'the proper, lawful owner, there an action lies; and,
'under this predicament, we ſhall recover our lap-dog.'
The lady ſeeming pleaſed with this harangue, the
orator,

orator continued in the following manner: 'If, therefore, Madam, this lady—whoſoever ſhe is, A, or B, or any name ſerves our purpoſe—if, I ſay, this extraordinary lady, as your ladyſhip juſt now deſcribed her, took your dog before witneſſes, and refuſed to reſtore it on demand, why then we have a lawful action, and ſhall recover damages. Pray, Madam, do you think you can ſwear to the identity of the dog, if he ſhould be produced in a court of juſtice?' The lady anſwered, Yes; ſhe could ſwear to him amongſt a million, for there never was ſo remarkable a creature. 'And you firſt became poſſeſſed of him, you ſay, Madam, at the univerſity of Cambridge? Pray, Madam, will the gentleman who inveſted you with him, be ready to teſtify the donation?' She anſwered affirmatively. 'And pray, Madam, what is the colour of your dog?' Black and white, Sir.'—'A male or female, Madam?' To this the lady replied, ſhe poſitively could not tell; whereupon the counſellor, with a moſt ſapient aſpect, declared he would ſearch his books for a precedent, and wait on her, in a few days, to receive her final determinations; but adviſed her, in the mean while, to try the effect of another letter upon her ladyſhip, and once more threaten her with a proſecution. He then waited upon her to her chariot, obſerved that it was a very fine day, and promiſed to uſe his utmoſt endeavours to reinſtate her in the poſſeſſion of her lap dog.

This was the ſtate of a quarrel between two ladies for a dog; and it ſeemed as if all the mouths of the law would have opened on this important affair, (for Lady Tempeſt continued obſtinate in keeping him) had not a moſt unlucky accident happened to baulk thoſe honourable gentlemen of their fees, and diſappointed them of ſo hopeful a topic for ſhewing their abilities. This unfortunate ſtroke was nothing leſs than the death of our hero, who was ſeized with a violent phthiſick; and, after a week's illneſs, departed this life on the ſecond of June 1749, and was gathered to the lap-dogs of antiquity.

From

From the moment that he fell ſick, his miſtreſs ſpared no expence for his recovery, and had him attended by the moſt eminent phyſicians of London; who, I am afraid, rather haſtened than delayed his exit, according to the immemorial cuſtom of that right venerable fraternity. The chamber-maids took it by turns to ſit up with him every night during his illneſs; and her ladyſhip was ſcarce ever away from him in the day-time: but, alas! his time was come, his hour-glaſs was run out, and nothing could ſave him from paying a viſit to the Plutonian regions.

It is difficult to ſay, whether her ladyſhip's ſorrow now, or when ſhe formerly loſt him in the Mall, moſt exceeded the bounds of reaſon. He lay in ſtate three days after his death; and her ladyſhip, at firſt, took a reſolution of having him embalmed; but as her phyſicians informed her the art was loſt, ſhe was obliged to give over that chimerical project; otherwiſe our poſterity might have ſeen him, ſome centuries hence, erected in a public library at an univerſity: and who knows but ſome antiquary of profound erudition might have undertaken to prove, with quotations from a thouſand authors, that he was formerly the Egyptian Anubis?

However, though her ladyſhip could not be gratified in her deſires of embalming him, ſhe had him buried with great ſolemnity in her garden, and erected over him an elegant marble monument, which was inſcribed with the following epitaph, by one of the greateſt elegiac poets of the preſent age.

King of the garden, blooming roſe!
Which ſprang'ſt from Venus' heavenly woes,
When, weeping for Adonis ſlain,
Her pearly tears bedew'd the plain;
Here now thy precious dews diſtil,
Now mourn a greater beauty's ill—
Ye lilies! hang your drooping heads,
Ye myrtles, weep! for Pompey dead.
Light lie the turf upon his breaſt,
Peace to his ſhade, and gentle reſt.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

The Concluſion.

HAVING thus traced our hero to the fourteenth year of his age, which may be reckoned the three-ſcore and tenth of a lap-dog, nothing now remains but to draw his character, for the benefit and information of poſterity. In ſo doing we imitate the greateſt and moſt celebrated hiſtorians, Lord Clarendon, Dr. Middleton, and others; who, when they have put a period to the life of an eminent perſon, (and ſuch undoubtedly, was our hero) finiſh all with a deſcription of his morals, his religion, and private character: nay, many biographers go ſo far, as to record the colour of their hero's complexion, the ſhade of his hair, the height of his ſtature, the manner of his diet, when he went to bed at night, at what hour he roſe in the morning, and other equally important particulars; which cannot fail to convey the greateſt ſatisfaction and improvement to their readers. Thus a certain painter, who obliged the world with a life of Milton, informs us, with an air of great importance, that he was a ſhort, thick man; and then recollecting himſelf, informs us a ſecond time, upon maturer deliberation, that he was not a ſhort, thick man, but if he had been a little ſhorter, and a little thicker, he would have been a ſhort, thick man; which prodigious exactneſs, in an affair of ſuch conſequence, can never be ſufficiently applauded.

Now, as to the deſcription of our hero's perſon, for that we ſhall refer to the Engravings which accompany this work, and proceed to his religion, his morals, his amours, &c. in conformity to the practice of other hiſtorians.

Let it be remembered, in the firſt place, to his credit, that he was a dog of the moſt courtly manners, ready to fetch and carry at the command of all his maſters, without ever conſidering the ſervice he was employed in, or the perſon from whom he received his direction. He would fawn likewiſe with the greateſt humility on people who treated him with contempt, and was always particularly officious in his zeal, whenever he expected

a new

a new collar, or ſtood candidate for a ribband with other dogs, who made up the retinue of the family.

Far be it from us to deny, that in the firſt part of his life, he gave himſelf an unlimited freedom in his amours, and was extravagantly licentious, not to ſay debauched, in his morals: but whoever conſiders that he was born in the houſe of an Italian courtezan, that he made the grand tour with a young gentleman of fortune, and afterwards lived near two years with a lady of quality, will have more reaſon to wonder that his morals were not entirely corrupted, than that they were a little tainted by the ill effects of ſuch dangerous examples.

As to religion, we muſt ingenuouſly confeſs that he had none; in which reſpect he had the honour to bear an exact reſemblance to all the well-bred people of the preſent age, who have long ſince diſcarded religion, as a needleſs and troubleſome invention, calculated only to make people wiſe, virtuous, and unfaſhionable; and whoever will be at the pains of peruſing the lives and actions of the great world, will find them, in all points, conformable to ſuch prodigious principles.

In politics it is difficult to ſay whether he was a Whig or a Tory; for ſo great was his caution, that he never was heard on any occaſion to open his mouth on thoſe ſubjects: and therefore each of thoſe illuſtrious clans of men may be allowed to lay claim to him, unleſs perhaps they ſhould both concur, as is ſometimes the caſe, to deſpiſe him for obſerving a neutrality.

For the latter part of his life, his chief amuſement was to ſleep before the fire; and indolence grew upon him ſo much, as he advanced in age, that he ſeldom cared to be diſturbed in his ſlumbers, even to eat his meals: his eyes grew dim, his limbs failed him, his teeth dropped out of his head, and, at length, a phthiſick came very ſeaſonably to relieve him from the pains and calamities of long life.

Thus periſhed Little Pompey, or Pompey the Little; leaving his diſconſolate miſtreſs to bemoan his fate, and me to write his eventful hiſtory.

FINIS.